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THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

FEBRUARY 1936

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Foreword

To supply background for Race Relations Sunday (February 9) this issue of the HERALD majors in the work of the American Missionary Association, with articles added from the African field of our Fellowship.

The secretaries whose articles are printed are too well known to require space here, though we should add that George N. White of the Association wrote "King Cotton Abdicates" as well as "From Bullets to Checks."

Mrs. Franklin Warner, Vice-President of the American Board, is also very well known. Mrs. Samuel Keck, whose husband is Superintendent of South Dakota, and Mrs. A. M. Gibbons, of Lakewood, Ohio, need no introduction.

Rev. Ray E. Phillips of Johannesburg, Africa, and Rev. Paul R. Reynolds of Fenchow, China, both on furlough, have been making addresses in many places in the United States. Miss Esther Hibbard is on the staff of Doshisha University, Kyoto, Japan. Rev. Robert E. Chandler is a third generation missionary, but located in Tientsin, China, instead of in India, where worked his parents and grandparents; he was Acting Associate Secretary of the Board for a few years. Mrs. Albert Hausske's husband is business manager of the Williams-Porter Hospital in Tehchow, China.

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Continuing the *American Missionary* and the *Missionary Herald*

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Race Relations Sunday

February 9th

For the fourteenth year Race Relations Sunday is to be observed on the Sunday nearest to Lincoln's birthday, which for 1936 is on February 9.

This year the day is being promoted by the Council for Social Action rather than The American Missionary Association. A letter commending the day to our pastors has gone out over the signature of Hubert Herring.

In addition to the articles in this issue of the HERALD, the following materials are available for use in connection with Inter-racial Sunday:

The Department of Race Relations of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have published their usual packet of leaflets containing program suggestions for the observance of the day in the church service, the church school, the women's society, and the young peoples groups, and the *Message for Race Relations Sunday,* written by Edwin McNeill Poteat, Jr., pastor of The Pullen Memorial Baptist Church of Raleigh, North Carolina. Sets of program suggestions may be secured for six cents each or $4 a hundred from The Federal Council, 105 East 22 St., New York City.

The Council for Social Action has prepared a special edition of *Social Action* dealing with race relations which will be available on February 1 for ten cents each or five cents each for orders of more than ten copies. Orders should be sent to The Council for Social Action, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Some material dealing with race relations will appear in the February issue of *Advance,* including an article "Satan Is Still Subtle," by Fred Brownlee.

Race Relations Sunday is projected upon a broader basis than the old Lincoln's Day which our churches observed for years in that the thought and discussions of the occasion are intended to include the American Indian, the Mexicans, and the Orientals as well as the Negroes.

"The Future's Broad'ning Way"

By John R. Scotford

And The Functions of The American Missionary Association

ANYONE desiring to trace the manner in which the missionary motive of the eighteen-forties has been both modified and enlarged by changing circumstances will find an excellent source book in *Facing Facts: A Review of The American Missionary Association's Eighty-ninth Year.*

An abundance of religious convictions characterized the men who organized The American Missionary Association in 1846 "for the propagation of a pure and free Christianity from which the sins of caste, polygamy, slave-holding and the like shall be excluded."

Although they had never heard of the social gospel, the germs from which that movement sprang were obviously present in their thinking. As Christian men they had no inhibitions against "taking a dish of politics"—in fact it was the success of the sponsoring group in carrying a case to the supreme court which led to the founding of the Association.

At the close of the Civil War the Association concentrated most of its energies upon the definite task of teaching an emancipated race to read and write. In the face of unlimited educational need schools were founded with a daring prodigality which awakens the wonder of all who hear the story.

This movement inspired the heroic devotion of both workers and givers because it applied the religious motive to the solution of an immediate and obvious human problem. It afforded thousands of men and women an opportunity to express their faith in a tangible way.

And the same spirit which was developed in meeting the needs of the Negroes carried over into the missions which the Association conducted among the Indians, the Orientals, the mountaineers and the Puerto Ricans. Fred Riggs' story of *A Century with the Sioux*, which is included in *Facing Facts* is a roll call of heroes worthy of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

Today the Association finds itself in a changed situation. The immediate objective which our fathers set themselves—the securing of an elementary education for the Negro—has been in a large measure attained. Once the Association maintained over a hundred primary schools enrolling many thousand students. During 1934–35 only eight of its institutions offered elementary instruction, two of which were practice schools for the training of teachers, and the total enrollment in the first six grades amounted to only 874. During the past seventy years the Southern states have gradually provided their Negroes with facilities for a common school education.

But the achievement of this first objective has only made more apparent the difficulties which lie before the Association in the attainment of its ultimate objective—a casteless society.

In his report Secretary Fred L. Brownlee pictures the founders of the American Missionary Association as returning to this world, reviewing the progress which the Negro has made during the seventy years since his emancipation, and then asking some embarrassing questions:

"Would they not say, 'Why do you label all these things Negro? Are they not a part of the achievements of the human family regardless of the varying complexions of its members? Why these signs reading "White" and "Colored" that we see in the railroad stations and trains? Why are the schools and churches separate? Why are art galleries, music halls and libraries closed to Negroes? Why are not the children of both races playing in the parks and swimming in the pools? Why all this separateness? It isn't economical. It isn't right socially. It isn't Christian.'

"Perhaps these founders of The American Missionary Association would see the lynching of a Negro. They might drop in at the trial of the Scottsboro boys or Angelo Herndon. Surely

Leaders of Tomorrow

A Campus Group at Talladega

they would like to ask some questions about Negro farm tenants and share-croppers, and Negro wages versus White wages. Doubtless they would say, 'These things are to be expected so long as those signs "White" and "Colored" remain, whether they be seen on a wall or are hidden in men's hearts.' "

This larger goal of a casteless society is obviously far more difficult of attainment than such an immediate objective as teaching the A B C's to emancipated slaves. It lacks the dramatic qualities of the school bench and the spelling book. It is an elusive aim which cannot be easily embalmed in statistics. Its furtherance lays a heavy tax upon both mind and heart.

Yet it is against the background of this larger purpose that the Association is re-thinking its activities. "Stated educationally, the primary purpose of the Association is to function through education in assisting Negroes to take their rightful place in a democratic society, which place is precisely the same place as that of any intelligent and honorable citizen, regardless of color."

The immediate step which is being taken towards the realization of this goal is the development of the five Negro colleges for whose support the Association is primarily responsible —Talladega, Tougaloo, LeMoyne, Dillard and Tillotson.

This is the area of recent growth. Fifteen years ago there were only 202 college students in the schools of the Association, while in 1935 there were 1,503. In 1917 the budget of Talladega College was $39,286, from which it has grown to a high-water mark of $177,501, of which the Association contributed $55,794.

The youngest and the largest of the colleges is LeMoyne, which as a high school had a budget of $7,468 in 1917, while in 1935 its expenses as a four year college were $59,111, of which $26,910 came from the Association. Obviously the five colleges of today cost vastly more than did the one hundred and more grade schools of sixty years ago.

Through these institutions the Association is training Negro young people for participation in every phase of current life. The visitor to such a campus as Talladega soon discovers that Negro college students act, think and dress very much as do white students.

The chief difference is that the Negroes have less money to spend and have usually been stimulated mentally by a more intimate contact with the harsher side of life. Endless discriminations, much injustice, and such things as lynchings have a sobering effect upon Negro youth.

From these colleges are coming a stream of young people who are intellectually and culturally the equals of those who graduate from white schools. They will be the leaders of their people tomorrow. They are equipped for participation in an inter-racial social order.

[*Continued on page 55*]

From Private School to Public School

The Story of Brewer Normal

THE recent transfer of the property of the Brewer Normal School from The American Missionary Association to the school board of Greenwood, South Carolina, marks the completion of what might be called a "perfect case" of missionary devolution.

Greenwood is an attractive city of 11,000 people located on the Piedmont plateau of South Carolina. Here the Baptist churches of the region established a school for white boys and girls in 1846, a year later erecting the original portion of the present brick school building.

Following the Civil War the institution fell upon evil days, and in 1872 the property was purchased by The American Missionary Association and reopened with one teacher as a school for Negroes.

It was named Brewer Normal School in honor of Rev. Josiah Brewer, an accomplished scholar who had opened the first industrial school in Africa while serving as a missionary. One of his sons later became principal of the school, while another was none other than Associate Justice David Josiah Brewer of the United States Supreme Court.

In 1890 a dormitory for girls was erected and the school building enlarged. The boys lived in various ancient cabins, one of which was described in a school composition in this fashion: "Room No. 1 has nine boys, eleven trunks, fourteen boxes, nine chairs and three tables. It is sixteen feet long and fourteen wide and serves as kitchen, dining hall, study, laundry and bedchamber.

"When it rains water comes in from every direction, while it is not very much trouble to see through the walls and floors of our room. The fireplace is very small—only four feet across. The way we study when it is cold is for three to sit by the fire while the other six study. When the three are thoroughly warmed they go to their books while three more take their places in front of the fire.

"I have gone to school many mornings without breakfast because there was not time to cook it after the others had finished getting theirs."

The graduates of Brewer have commended the school by their lives, while the principals have been held in high honor by the people of the community. Perhaps the most vividly remembered of these is Rev. Harry Beadle, who had much to do with the beginnings of the hospital.

As a result of such influences the relationship between the school and the city has been more than cordial. Thus was the way prepared for a series of ventures in interracial coöperation during the nineteen-twenties.

First came the erection of two adequate and attractive brick grammar schools for the Negro children of Greenwood. Upon their completion Brewer dropped all grades below the ninth.

Domestic Science Girls at Brewer

The Main Building at Brewer Normal. The original portion was erected in 1847 as a school for white children.

The Boys at Brewer Learning Bricklaying

After a long agitation for better health facilities for Negroes the white and colored citizens of Greenwood united in the erection of Brewer Hospital upon the same campus with Brewer Normal School at a cost of $30,000. Of this sum $7,500 was contributed by the white people of the community and $7,500 by the Negroes.

During this period the local school board began to share in the support of Brewer Normal School by paying two dollars a month for nine months toward the education of the Negro boys and girls of high-school age who lived within the city limits. At one time 175 students were receiving free tuition on this basis.

In 1928 the responsibility for the management of the school was transferred to the local authorities, who operated it as a free school for all the Negroes of the county, but with a diminishing annual contribution from The American Missionary Association.

During the later years of this agreement this was applied to the salary of the principal, W. A. Arnwood, who was appointed to his position by The American Missionary Association but who has continued to serve under the public school authorities, thus constituting a living link between the old régime and the new.

Many advantages have resulted from this "devolution" of responsibility. Since Brewer became a public high school with free tuition the enrollment has doubled. The reduction in the investment of The American Missionary Association has released missionary money for use in other places. The people of Greenwood have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing their duty by the Negro youth of their town and county.

During the current year the financial responsibility of The American Missionary Association for the budget of Brewer Normal School came to an end. The question remained as to what should be done with the property. Repairs were needed on the two buildings, and money could be secured from the federal government provided the title to the school was held by the school board.

In view of this situation the Administrative Committee of the Association voted to deed the property to the school board subject to the one condition that it be used in perpetuity for Negro education.

In accepting this gift the school board adopted the following resolution.

"First: That the offer of The American Missionary Association to donate to School District No. 18 the property of Brewer Normal School with the reservation that it shall always be used for the education of Negro youth is hereby accepted.

"Second: That the trustees representing the community of Greenwood express their appreciation of the generous offer of The American Missionary Association and for the community extend thanks for the donation.

"Third: That The American Missionary Association in its work of conducting a school for Negro youth here for over sixty years has rendered a real service to the community of Greenwood and that this work is appreciated by the citizens of Greenwood."

"The Future's Broad'ning Way" [*Continued from page 52*]

The rise of this group of educated Negroes does not solve the "race problem," but it does change it. The crux of the matter is shifting from the backwardness of the Negro to the limited social and spiritual outlook of the White.

"Today it is a question of letting Negro Ph.D.'s function freely in a social and political democracy," as Mr. Brownlee puts it.

Although the opportunity of the present seems to lie in the field of college education, and will so remain for at least twenty years, this step is probably only another phase in the pursuit of the final goal of the Association.

What "the future's broad'ning way" may reveal we do not know, but if we are true to the spirit of the men who founded the American Missionary Association in 1846 it will be a brave assault of some sort upon the spirit of caste in American life.

If you wish to know more of the detail of the story whose outline only has been suggested here, write to The American Missionary Association at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for a copy of *Facing Facts*, which is the report of the eighty-ninth year of the Association.

An Adventure in Friendship in South Dakota

By Mrs. Samuel Keck

For the past three years the State Conference of South Dakota has had a real privilege in going somewhat deeper into the relationship between red Congregational Christians and white Congregational Christians in this state. The sacrificial devotion of Pastor-at-large F. Philip Frazier, himself a Sioux Indian, and his wife, Susie Meek Frazier, has aroused in the Conference an interest that may go far in a project of mutual understanding.

In a vague and general way we have known that we had more Indians than any other state in the union barring one; that we had had a vital interest in the Riggs family and their pioneering beginnings in Christianizing the Sioux; that the Indians had had a bad deal in the Commonwealth history; but since they were only Indians and were generally shiftless and dishonest, why worry?

We had twenty-four little Congregational Churches out on the plains, and if the consolation of religion eased these people over their hard times we were glad! And our real interest in the red man himself ended about there.

Then the Conference loaned one of its ministers to the Indians for three successive summers, for their series of summer camp meeting Institutes conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Philip Frazier.

And Rev. Amos Boone, of Armour, began to tell us the truth about them—and about ourselves. He sang, preached, slept, ate, and—most courageous of all—he drank with them.

At Bull Head in northwest South Dakota the camp was set up on the blazing plains, with no trees, no wind or sun shelter, and the nearest water fifteen miles away. All that was used that week for washing, cooking, and drinking purposes had to be brought that long journey. It isn't entirely surprising that men grow to manhood in that area of our reservations without having had enough water in their lives to have completely bathed!

Emaciated, frantically eager children ate greedily of the food prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Frazier. Music-starved souls enjoyed the hymns the Sioux know so well, as the Fraziers led them with their lovely voices. And Mr. Boone set tents, taught classes, preached sermons, and held personal conferences.

He told the white Conference that the differences in problems and faith and inspiration are only skin deep! And to the Indians themselves, this Christian man meant this:

"When there was work to be done, Mr. Boone contributed his strength and technique. He exemplified to us the idea that he who is the greatest among you is the servant of all."

So it came about that this year the promotional department of the State Conference adopted the Indian Congregational work in our own state as a project, hoping to draw this forgotten man out of the unhappy mists that surround him and bring him into focus.

Mr. Frazier has told us unforgettable and terribly realistic things about his people, our Congregational brethren. He said that in nineteen parsonages there wasn't a whole heating or cooking stove! Our white churches have already contributed five.

He told us that there was no whole furniture. Now there are several truck loads over the state waiting for Mr. Frazier to come for them with his trailer.

The water situation is desperate, but wells are being dug as the money comes in for this purpose, although this is an expensive process.

Adventuring in friendship between the local white and Indian churches is slowly beginning, but it will necessarily take time. Rev. A. F. Tieszen, of Isabel, inaugurated with his church an Indian guest day on November third. To this they invited eight families from Thunder Butte Station and Green Grass Congregational Church. Due to a blizzard that day, this project was not wholly successful, but it will be repeated.

The Black Hills churches are in an irrigated area where fruit and vegetables are abundant.

[*Continued on page 61*]

By-Products of the Peace Plebiscite

By Alfred Schmalz

When John Smith, member of the First Church, was handed his yellow ballot, he didn't yet know what he was up against. He had been asked to say what he believed about war and peace. But he found that he had to go through a whole lot of hard thinking before he could check that ballot. And it'll be a long time before he forgets that he participated in the Peace Plebiscite.

His experience is typical. Our churches have not only expressed their beliefs about war and peace—they have had something done to them; they have gone through a significant experience.

For one thing, the churches have seen more clearly than before that world peace is a deeply religious concern.

That churches and individuals are not unanimous on this point is, of course, quite true. There are people and churches that take exception to this mixing of peace and religion. Thus, one church in California, by official action at its annual business meeting, declared that "We feel that the function of the church is to teach religion and that such questions as these have no place in its program." And a voter from Connecticut expressed her (perhaps his) philosophy by marking the ballot, "I believe as a Christian I should mind my own business."

It would be unfair to overemphasize such statements, for they are so much in the minority that the only excuse for recording them is their extreme divergence from the normal practice of church people. For if there is one thing that moves us profoundly, it is our utter abhorrence of war.

How could we feel otherwise and still remain true to the gospel teachings of brotherhood and love? War does terrible things to people. It maims and slaughters our finest manhood. It destroys our homes and indelibly puts the scars of bloody Mars upon our women and children. War is a monster of fury and pain.

But worse than what war does to men is what war makes men do. It makes them dash bayonets into soft flesh. It makes them blow fathers and husbands and sons into bloody pulp. It makes them lie and hate. Men cannot serve the god of war by loving-kindness and goodwill.

Church people see that. "Mix peace and religion?" they ask. "How else can we be conscientious followers of Jesus, heeding his injunction to love our brothers?"

The Plebiscite is witness to the growing insight that war is desperately wrong. The churches do not yet speak with a united voice on the issues of war and peace, as the vote clearly indicates. But one thing is certain. They know that the establishment of world peace is an essential part of their task as religious people.

Secondly, the Plebiscite has helped the churches again to express their belief that the Christian's ultimate loyalty is not to the state but to God.

This is a point that cannot be emphasized too strongly. The Congregational and Christian churches have not bowed the knee to Baal. They have not gone nationalistic and fascistic. Unhesitatingly most of our church people accepted as perfectly proper a ballot which permitted a critical appraisal of the Christian's obligation to the state and even an expression of absolute war-resistance.

Recently a book with a magnificent title made its appearance — *The Church against the World.* God, we religious people have said, is our ultimate loyalty. We now are saying that again in this peace ballot. We declare that as Christians we must listen first to conscience, not first to state or government. Therefore, we accepted it as right that a place on the ballot should be given even to those who take the pacifist position.

Here, again, there was not unanimity. There was, in some quarters, loud objection to including

the pacifist position in the ballot. It was charged that we were feeding the flames of disloyalty. In one state the American Legion was moved to urge every local post to take active steps to prevent any vote in favor of this absolutist position. In another state a minister said, "Kindly note that we have no traitors marking No. 5."

This was not how the early church understood Christianity. They utterly repudiated Caesarism, and would not offer worship to the Emperor, symbol of the state. The suggestion that the state was the ultimate loyalty they repudiated instantly. "We must obey God not men."

About 25,000 people in our churches, young and old, have taken the pacifist position. Whether they are right or wrong in so doing, is not the question here in dispute. Their independence is symbolic of a larger issue. The point is that they do not believe that the will of the state is absolute.

Of the total vote of over 177,000 reported by December 24, only 10,391 said they would support "any war" declared by the United States government. Their reasons for taking that position would vary. But these war-supporters are agreed in philosophy. The will of the state is, for them, not inconsistent with the will of God. But they are distinctly in the minority. The great body of churchmen reject that position.

So the Plebiscite has been a real revelation of the spiritual independence of the churches. God, not state or government, is the ultimate object of our worship and loyalty.

In the third place, in the Plebiscite the churches have again had opportunity to demonstrate their belief in freedom of speech.

Education in the issues on the ballot really was an achievement. For, after all, these issues are intensely controversial. Pacifism, for instance, is to many people as loathsome as leprosy. But see what happened. Pacifists appeared on the same platform with advocates of a bigger army and navy—and with mutual tolerance and forbearance.

Such a procedure would not have been possible in some churches without the Plebiscite. Elsewhere, however, discussion of these controversial issues was not at all a novel procedure, it being taken for granted that our churches are meeting-places for people of different minds. There is something grand in what has been going on. It is a mighty tribute to our belief in liberty.

Finally, in the Plebiscite the churches have been able to voice their belief that war is abolished not by a sentimental attachment to peace so much as by the establishment of peace-making policies.

It must be admitted that there has been much sentimentalism in the peace movement. "Nobody hates war more than I do," people are almost universally heard to remark. Yet it isn't so important to know that as it is to know what particular economic and political policies such persons will actually support.

As Norman Angell has well said, "It is John Smith's ideas on such things as the proper method of national defense, internationalism, patriotism, religion, empire, which made the last war and will make the next, unless those ideas are changed. War is usually the last thing that Smith desires, but is often inherent in the policies which he imposes upon his governments."

To bring that point home Section B was attached to the ballot, inviting opinion on such questions as membership in the League of Nations, consultation with other nations, neutrality, preparedness, reallocation of raw materials and markets, compulsory military training in schools and colleges, and government control of the munitions industry.

As Mr. Angell suggests, it is our attitude on such matters as these which determine whether there will be war or peace. For we establish world peace not by expressions of international friendship so much as by solving the problems of political and economic strain out of which war comes.

The Plebiscite has forced our people to a more realistic approach to the peace problem. We know that, hard as it is for average people to give answer to difficult technical questions concerning international affairs, the future of the world depends on our answer.

And we need more light. People are confused. Says one correspondent, "There is clear indica-

[*Continued on page 68*]

A Tale of Ten Homes

How other people live is a question which always intrigues our interest. Yet this is not a story of just "ordinary folks" but of the unusual men who find their way into the ministry and of the exceptional women whom they choose to be their wives. A further angle of interest is that these people, as pensioners of the Board of Ministerial Relief, are experts in practical economics, which is the art of making a little money go a long way.

The new Superintendent and the Secretary were following an itinerary which took them "around the circle" in one of our larger states. In addition to some speech-making, many conferences with church officers, and a diligent search for defunct church properties, they took with them the list of pensioners living in this state for the purpose of looking in on as many of them as they conveniently could.

These were not calls upon selected names but simply a run-of-the-mill visitation of our retired ministers and their widows. Incidentally, the new Superintendent soon discovered that these men and women were excellent witnesses both as to the history of churches which had been closed and the present status of those which are now active.

But this is a story of people rather than of churches.

Our first stop was at a home bearing two signs, "Tourist Rooms" and "Sub-station of the Highway Patrol." On asking for Mrs. A. we were introduced to an attractive woman of sixty. Her husband had died some ten years previously after fourteen years of service to our churches. She was helping a friend manage what was in effect a lodging house of fourteen rooms where meals were served at odd hours. Her grant from the Board of Ministerial Relief had once been $250, but under pressure of the times had been reduced to $100. Here was a brave woman making the best of her opportunities.

Our next call was upon a minister who was born over eighty-six years ago in Wales, and whose pastorates in this country covered forty-two years. With Welsh foresight and frugality he had purchased a house within walking distance of one of our churches. The furnishings and atmosphere of the home carried one back into the eighteen-nineties, but apparently Dr. B. and his wife were living in moderate comfort—thanks to his own savings, the aid of his two sons, and a small grant from the Board of Ministerial Relief.

We found Mrs. C. in a small town where she had grown up as a girl, from which she had gone forth as the bride of a minister, and to which she had returned for her old age. In spite of her seventy-six years she gave a very lucid account of her husband's ministry, and seemed to be managing her own affairs in quite capable fashion. Aside from her grant from the Board of Ministerial Relief she had two little houses whose rentals barely take care of the taxes and upkeep. Without her grant, which is close to the maximum for widows, this worthy woman would be in dire straits.

On a hilltop farm we found Mr. D., whose eighty-four years did not seem to interfere with his doing business with the wood pile. He was born in Sweden and had ministered to several of our Swedish churches in New England. He had turned a small farm of twenty-five acres over to his son who was providing him with a home.

The rolls of the Board of Ministerial Relief give evidence of our practice of church unity. Ten years ago the Evangelical Protestant Churches entered our fellowship. Mrs. E. is the widow of one of their ministers. She was living with a widowed sister in a home which demonstrated the German tradition of cleanliness and order. Her grant is only $100 a year, but it obviously was doing much to ease a difficult situation.

Our next call was upon a minister of seventy-two who had retired from active service in little over a year after preaching for forty years in a succession of small churches, whose salaries had always been in proportion to their size. One marvels at the patient persistence with which he has continued at what most people would call

Every Quarter the Boards of Ministerial Relief Send Their Checks into Nearly 800 of These Homes

uninspiring tasks. He has now retired to a small home in a rural community where he is held in high esteem.

Mrs. G. is the widow of a Welsh minister who had divided his ministry between the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. In such cases it is the practice to make proportionate grants from both boards. Mrs. G. is the sort of person who suggests the adjective "sprightly." As a widow she had returned to her childhood home to care for her aged mother.

A slippery road up a hill, a farmhouse which had weathered many winters, and an aged couple barely able to take care of themselves—such we found when we called on Mr. H. His son was leaving his parents alone for the night, but promised to have someone on hand to look after them the next day.

Mr. H. is eighty-eight years of age, and almost totally deaf. For thirty years he preached to a variety of rural Christian churches, which was largely a labor of love. At the same time he farmed, although at present he puts down the income from his "garden" at $30 a year. His grant is paid from funds provided by a group of Christian churches.

Strikingly different was our next call at what might be called a "miracle home" in a college town. Here was a widow with four children, three of whom are attending college, and the fourth, a recent graduate, is trying to get started in literary work. At the time of our visit he had established himself in the attic with a typewriter and was leading a frugal life of industry against the coming of fame.

The mother of this brood was running a rooming house for college students, while her two sons and one daughter who are still in school were exercising all the ingenuity of which they are capable to increase the family income.

The lively conversation which ensued indicated that it is still possible to combine plain living with high thinking. In another year or two this family will no longer need the aid of the Board. From many angles the present grant of $232 a year looks small—but it is a big help.

By way of benediction to this pilgrimage we paused to see one of the authentic saints of the Board of Relief family—a minister who for many years has maintained a cheery outlook on life while suffering from arthritis. For eighteen years after he was compelled to relinquish the ministry he and his wife maintained themselves by teaching and writing, but fourteen years ago it became necessary for him to ask aid from the Board. Our churches should regard it as a privilege to make provision for such a noble spirit as this.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world—and most of the varieties are to be found on the rolls of the Board of Ministerial Relief. There is no such thing as a "typical" pensioner. The only common elements in the stories of these people is that all are old, all have served our churches with fidelity, and all are having their declining years made more tolerable because of the generosity of the churches.

Friendship in South Dakota

[*Continued from page 56*]

Several of our churches have told the Fraziers that after the local canning and selling is over next year perhaps they may bring their pastors and their wives into this area, to use some of this overabundance.

Next summer, Mr. Frazier plans to bring at least half a dozen of his most forward-looking Indian pastors and their wives to the two weeks' school for rural ministers, promoted by State College at Brookings. The men and women will go to classes and make normal contacts with the white group. The children will be cared for in a daily vacation Bible school.

Whatever of value may come out of Commissioner Collier's new plans for the Indian will come only when men of integrity and character take the positions made for them. We are sure that for that day our Indian Congregational laymen and ministers will be in the forefront of leadership and counsel.

The Bullet from Athens, Alabama

From Bullets To

By George N. White

BEFORE me on my desk lie two objects—one a bullet, the other a check. The bullet is not the steel-jacketed missile of modern warfare but the soft-lead messenger of death of Civil War days. Along one side is a gash like a wound and one can easily imagine the contact of lead and bone with its resultant damage to a human frame.

The bullet came from Athens, Alabama, where Union troops battling to hold back the Confederate army built a fort because of the town's proximity to the Tennessee River—at that time the southern frontier of the United States.

An aged colored man of Athens tells how he helped the Union soldiers construct the fort by tying twenty-foot lengths of tree trunks together with honeysuckle vines. These were placed on the ground in the form of a circle big enough to surround a barracks of considerable size. Then a moat was dug and the dirt from it piled over the logs to form a rampart that remains until this day.

Since Athens was the headquarters of the troops guarding the railroad supplying General Sherman's army with food it was in the hands now of one army and now of the other until the very close of the War when the Union troops had final possession.

It was in one of these struggles that our leaden messenger of death was fired. Many of his fellows are in the collection at Trinity School.

In the same town of Athens, there stands a large white mansion once used by the Federal troops as a hospital. "Lady Mary of the White House" was the name given by the soldiers to the nurse in charge. Today in that house lives the writer of the check about whom I shall speak later.

The war over, this same nurse, Mary Frances Wells, opened a school for Negro children—strange as it may seem—in the basement of the white Baptist Church. This school, called Trinity, was moved from place to place until finally it landed where our bullet had found a resting place many years before—within the ramparts of the fort.

Another bullet had sped through a window of the early Trinity seeking the body of "Lady Mary of the White House" after she had been warned to leave town. She arose, calmly pulled down the shade and resumed her writing. The necessity for steady nerves in the hospital had served her well in time of peace.

And somehow the spirit of peace accompanied Trinity into its final site though some objected to the use of the only historical site in town for a Negro school. But in time that feeling disappeared and citizens of both races began to take a pride in their institution.

Mayor C. W. Sarver became so interested that he set out to make Trinity the first accredited high school for Negroes in Alabama. State school authorities were consulted about requirements and it was discovered that if library and laboratory facilities were added the coveted objective could be attained. Whereupon Mayor Sarver called a mass meeting to which a representative of the American Missionary Associa-

tion was invited. With almost startling frankness the Mayor asked for $27,000 for the needed improvements.

"But," said the secretary, "where do you think the American Missionary Association can obtain such a sum of money?"

"We don't know" was the frank reply, "but if you will find the twenty thousand, we'll try for the remaining seven thousand in this small farming community."

"And," added Miss Allyn, our principal, "we'll pray for you as you seek the twenty thousand."

Later the American Missionary Association representative wrote Miss Allyn that as a result of her prayer a good Congregational deacon in New York State had died! But he left a legacy to the American Missionary Association which enabled it to furnish the twenty thousand dollars for Trinity School. (A man who was approached for a donation was told the story, whereupon he exclaimed, "I'll give something, but for heaven's sake don't let Miss Allyn pray for me! I'm afraid her prayers are far too potent!")

And then the campaign for local checks was on! The Mayor had made out a list of all the merchants of the town giving the amount he thought each ought to give. A committee of which I was a member visited these merchants and, much to my surprise, every man except one gave the indicated amount.

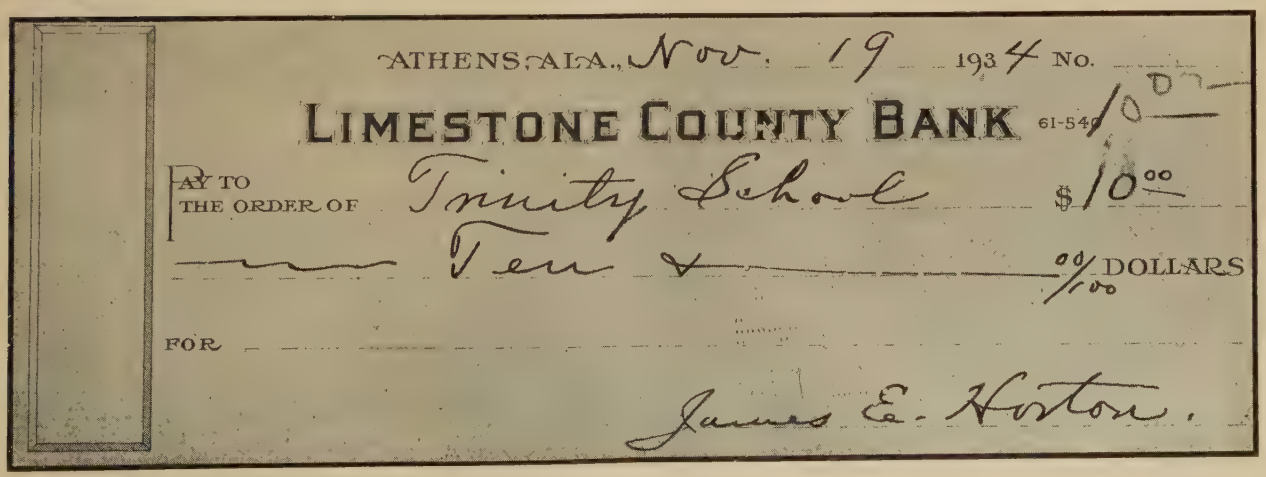
That exception is probably partly responsible for a present weakness of heart, for he handed back the subscription card, asked for another and put down three times as much as we had requested. Enough to give any secretary complete heart failure!

Other checks joined the procession—checks from alumni in Nashville, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and a score of other cities—checks from friends of the teachers in New England and the West—significantly enough, nearly two hundred dollars came from those who signed themselves "Friend" with no other identification, until on the final day of the campaign within the fort the rustle of checks drowned the whine of ghostly bullets and seven thousand dollars to a penny lay upon a table. An analysis of the giving showed that the gifts of southern white people totaled fifty per cent of the entire amount.

Came the dedication. The new South spoke in the person of a progressive young superintendent of schools who arose and said, "I can't speak, I stammer, but even if I didn't I couldn't make the speech I'd like to. But I want to tell a story illustrating how we of the South feel about Trinity School and the American Missionary Association. A number of Negro delegates went up from their respective churches to an association meeting. While others were giving optimistic reports of the past year, one woman remained silent. When urged by the chairman to report on her church with manifest reluctance she arose and spoke as follows:

"'I didn't intend to say anything today but

Checks


ATHENS, ALA., Nov. 19 1934 No.
LIMESTONE COUNTY BANK 61-54
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Trinity School $10.00
Ten 00/100 DOLLARS
FOR
James E. Horton.

Read the Story of Judge Horton

since you call upon me, I'm going to say this: Back in our church I know we ain't what we ought to be, I'm sure we ain't what we're going to be, but thank God, we ain't what we was!' "

The young superintendent said that while the new South had many things that "ain't as they ought to be" the American Missionary Association had demonstrated that it could not be what it ought to be unless it developed inherent values in its Negro population. Because of its work, he thanked God the South ain't what it was!

But while the building of a new unit generates an enthusiasm all its own, it is much more difficult to induce a flow of checks for the more prosaic objective of upkeep.

And here comes the story of our check. The occupant of the white house formerly used as the war-time hospital is a judge whose reputation for fair play has spread to the four corners of the earth! Those familiar with the Scottsboro case will remember that he is the jurist who set aside the verdict of guilty in the second trial of that internationally known case. When he went over to that trial at Decatur two of the products of Trinity School came to him and said "Judge, we are going to pray that you do the right thing."

"I appreciate your prayers," said the judge, "but pray also that I may be shown what the right thing is." Later he told me that their prayers had been answered, for as the trial went on he became increasingly aware of the facts that led to his decision to set aside that verdict of guilty. When I asked why he braved public opinion as he did he replied simply, "Had I not taken an oath to deal justly?"

Our check is made out to Trinity School and the signature is "James E. Horton."

His annual check along with many others enables Trinity to balance its budget and to obtain 37 per cent of that budget from the local community.

The story of Trinity is duplicated in practically every one of our schools. Even the smallest obtains 20 per cent of its upkeep from local sources.

Once upon a time there was a well worn expression—"Saturation Point"—used in connection with the production of commodities. That term aptly describes the situation in local support if you put it in reverse. Our schools leave nothing undone to entice all the money possible into their treasuries, but there is a limit.

For example, there is grave danger that all the public schools in Alabama may not be able to remain open longer than January 31 because of the desperate lack of money in that state. More than ever is there need of coöperation between our churches and the American Missionary Association in this enterprise.

To compel our schools to devote all their efforts to money raising is to impair their efficiency. Here's hoping that many will join the check brigade. One for $900 annually would make possible a worthy successor to "Lady Mary of the White House," a successor who would prevent the ravages of disease rather than repair the havoc wrought by bullets.

Trinity School, Athens, Alabama. The local community raised $7,000 toward the construction of the wing on the left.

The Bootlegger and the Bantu

By Ray Edmund Phillips

THE profession of "bootlegger," which National Prohibition made a popular and profitable calling in America, has had a long and notable history in South Africa. On the great Witwatersrand gold fields, bootlegging has especially flourished. For here were ideal conditions provided for the building up of a large illicit liquor industry.

First, there was a total prohibition law which applied to one section of the people only—the Natives. What an attractive invitation to any white person to buy liquor openly, legally; adulterate it, and retail illegally to Native buyers!

Second, there was the mass of a half-million Native men, miners and others, with money in hand and a thirst, real or potential, for alcohol.

Americans need not be told how it happened that today the bootlegger can be found in every slum yard, Native location and township, in every European area where Native house servants or trades and factory assistants are employed, and in most "married quarters" on the mines. Native women engage in the profit grabbing by brewing Native drinks from materials which can be obtained from any grocery.

The police are actively engaged in trying to enforce the law. In 1934 over 63,000 bottles of European liquor were seized by them, and over 380,000 gallons of Native-brewed liquor were destroyed; 12,556 convictions for drunkenness by Natives, and 886 convictions of bootleggers were recorded in the courts.

But in spite of police vigilance and increasingly heavy penalties handed down by the courts, the illicit liquor traffic has grown until it is a great evil in the land. It is the general opinion of Government Commissions and well-informed individuals, that prohibition of liquor for one section of the population alone—the Native Bantu—has failed, and brought many evils in its train.

While, however, this has been quite generally recognized, there has been no agreement as to remedies. For many years the South African whites, who control city councils and government legislatures, have been asking the questions:

"What shall be done? Shall we sweep away prohibition altogether and return to the old days prior to 1896 when the Native people could purchase liquor of all kinds as openly as the whites?"

A few favored this. Others shuddered to think of the return of "the drunken orgies, faction fights, and assaults on women" which marked those days.

"Well, then, shall we urge for the opening of Government or Municipal canteens where liquor may be obtained under control? Or, shall we prohibit European liquor and allow the Native people to brew their Native beers as is the custom in their country homes?" In the conflict of opinions, nothing has been done.

But the situation has gone from bad to worse, until finally from various quarters came the demand for action in the matter.

"We can no longer sit idle and do nothing!"

"But," the answer came back, "we cannot agree among ourselves as to what should be done. Even the Christian, educated Native people are widely at variance among themselves as to what solution they would wish adopted."

Then it was that our Dr. James Dexter Taylor suggested to the South African Temperance Alliance that it might help considerably if the actual facts in the case were brought to light. Nobody really *knew* what the situation was, in its entirety. "Let us know all the facts, and then see if we cannot agree on a common solution."

This suggestion was adopted. In September, 1933, the South African Temperance Alliance invited the South African Institute of Race Rela-

tions to coöperate in "an investigation of the existing conditions surrounding the traffic in illicit liquor among the Native population of the Witwatersrand."

A Commission was appointed. Its chairman was Mr. Wilfred Fearnhead, prominent attorney and former Mayor of Johannesburg. The other members were Mr. H. Britten, former chief magistrate of Johannesburg; Mr. J. D. Rheinallt Jones, advisor to the Institute of Race Relations; and an outstanding Christian business man, Mr. H. L. Seligson, wholesaler in printing machinery. Three missionaries were appointed: Rev. W. F. Hill, Anglican; and two American Boarders, Dr. James Dexter Taylor and myself. Mr. A. Lynn Saffery, Secretary of the Institute of Race Relations, acted as our secretary.

This Commission obtained first-hand evidence from police and bootleggers, compound managers and mine officials, location superintendents; from temperance and church organizations, missionaries and Native ministers, Native Advisory Boards and Native women's organizations; from Government departments and scores of individuals of all races.

It studied the evidence given before a number of other Commissions dealing respectively with Liquor and Native Affairs in the past. Questionnaires solicited and obtained information from outside authorities.

On the basis of this thorough study a comprehensive Report has been published by the Commission which has aroused great interest in South Africa. It lays the whole situation clearly before the South African public, then presents its considered judgment in the matter. Its findings will undoubtedly exercise considerable influence in shaping future local and governmental policy on this big problem.

It distinguishes between the problem of European liquor and that of Native-brewed liquor, and deals with them separately. It urges that the only just procedure, in view of various important considerations which are given, is to allow the Native to have his Native-brewed beer.

One point is stressed, that is worthy of note, namely, that Local Option shall be permitted for the whole or any well-defined portion of a location where Native families reside.

With respect to the supply of liquor of European manufacture several of the Commissioners believe that "the provision of Native-brewed liquor only will not solve the problem as it exists today" and that "the logical solution is the supply of European liquor to Natives under strict control."

There is complete agreement that "there is a danger of the experiments in Kaffir beer (Native-brewed beer) being complicated by the introduction of European liquor. The Commission recommends, therefore, that the experiments in Native-brewed beer be given a reasonable trial of, say three years, at the end of which the whole position could be reconsidered in the light of experience gained."

Several general recommendations are put forward by the Commission. The need for increased recreation facilities is stressed, and the Commission closes its Report with a strong recommendation "that immediate steps be taken by the Government to initiate an investigation into Native wages. It was repeatedly placed before the Commission in evidence that the economic conditions of the Native people are a very large factor in the illicit liquor traffic. Many Native women, unable to make ends meet on the inadequate wages of the husband and unable to obtain 'washing' are compelled by circumstances to take to the selling of Kaffir beer or the concoctions."

As total prohibition is at present impossible, the question before missionaries and social workers in South Africa is how to suggest liquor legislation aimed at the Native people which shall achieve the largest measure of result in guarding them against the evils of a "wide-open" sale of liquor, and which shall, at the same time, eliminate the bootlegger and manufacturer of vicious concoctions.

The task of those who wish well for black Africans is a difficult one, inasmuch as the presence and practice of a large population of whites often nullifies the best efforts that can be made on their behalf. The Report of this Commission is a real attempt to find a practical solution which gives promise of some measure of relief in this most perplexing problem.

God or Greed in Africa

By Estelle Hynes Warner

SOUTH AFRICA is such a beautiful country! Its mighty mountains and rivers! Its clear shining sun! Its invigorating climate! English and Dutch culture! Fertile soil! Endless natural resources!

"What a splendid place this would be to live in," I said when we first went there.

But after we had been there awhile, I began to sense something underneath that beautiful surface. A seething, stirring mass which was beginning to make the earth tremble.

Black youth is beginning to think. God must be brought quickly if Africa is to be led to think God thoughts. Black youth is beginning to look into the past of its people and at its present and is judging the white man by what he has done and even more by what he is continuing to do to those who are now within his power.

These young people are also looking out into the world and into the future. They see a slow awakening of the dark-skinned races. They count the numbers of black and brown and yellow and red in the world. And they count the number of whites.

They need not count further than Africa to see what leadership might do with an overwhelming majority. They are approached and challenged by communistic theorists who see a new social condition which could be brought about by hate and force of numbers.

"What lies ahead for our people?" they are asking. "*Not* a continuance of oppression by the white race if we gather our forces under leadership."

What kind of leadership shall they have? That of hate or that of brotherhood through Christ?

"It probably will not come in my time," said a business man to me, for the white man is looking ahead, too. "My children may escape it. But I dare not think of what may come to my grandchildren when the native knows his power and dares to use it."

GREED

Africa has seen many people come and go. The Arab came. In Zanzibar we relived in imagination one of the cruelest stories of history. From there the Arab went into the hinterland for ivory and made the black man from whom he stole it carry it out to the coast. There he sold both white gold and black gold for greed of gain. Only after Livingstone's story had stirred Christians to action was this stopped.

The Dutch have come. They have taken the land: thousands and thousands of acres for each patriarch, and thousands more for each of his sons. They do not need to recompense the black man from whom they have taken it. They do not need to cultivate it. They do not need to pay taxes on it. They just hold it against a future scarcity. And the Dutchman says, "I am a Christian."

The British have come. They have not pretended any moral responsibility for the black man. They have come for gold and diamonds and sugar. The labor of the black man is necessary to satisfy greed, and as long as the black man can work, he is given work, hard work on an unlivable wage. He is a black man. He is a work animal, to be cast aside when no longer useful. And the Britisher says, "I am a Christian."

The Portuguese has come. He goes into the darkness of a dark land and there have come out dark tales of oppression and cruelty and forced labor which linger in the mind—like the tales of the Belgian Congo. A long, winding trail through the jungle, strewn with the white bones of black men. And the Portuguese says, "I am a Christian."

And now another has come. For years he has been getting ready the tools of death. For years he has been planting the spirit of revenge and hatred for black skins in the minds of his people. For years he has been drilling hands and heads and hearts to do a wicked thing to the black man. And now he is ready and he has come. And as the Italian comes he says, "I am a Christian."

Blasphemy!

These all are breeders of hate. They are under orders to the great god Greed.

GOD

We came up from Africa on a mail boat, all but one of the other passengers being white people, Afrikanders, born or living in South Africa. We bore no mark which labelled us as missionary-minded, because we wanted to talk with these people without any prejudice on their part.

On the steamer were two men going to represent Africa at the Labor Conference in Geneva. One was white. The other was black. The black man was from one of the protectorates given by Queen Victoria to be reserved for Natives alone —the government of the Union of South Africa is trying now to take it away from them. If this man had been from the Union, he would not have been granted a passport nor allowed to leave the country.

I talked with him. My husband and I were the only passengers, except his fellow delegate, who would be seen talking to him. When he had arrived at a friendly and easy basis for exchange of thought—

"Would it not have been better," I asked, "if no white man had ever come to Africa? If you people had been left alone to develop as you would through the years, unexploited by those who have come to take away the riches of your land by craft or by force?"

"No," he answered, to my surprise. "The white men have been cruel and greedy. They have stolen from us. They have oppressed us. They have murdered us.

"All but one group. But that one group has given us so much, that it is better we should have suffered from the others than that we should not have had what that one group of white men has given the black man."

"What is that group?" I asked.

"The missionaries. They have given us education, self-respect, hope, leadership, God. We can bear the others because of them."

God or Greed in Africa, which shall it be? Greed is there. It came long ago, and it dared to come with the name of God on its lips.

But God is there, too, brought there by a few brave souls who are not afraid of privation, hard work, overpowering opportunities which it breaks their hearts not to meet, criticism and active opposition from the devotees of Greed.

And they come with the knowledge that there is only one way to save Africa from a reign of hate: the way of Christ; the way of sacrifice and brotherhood and love.

I am thankful to have known them, to have seen them at work, and to come back to tell you about them. To tell you that if we care to keep them, increase them, strengthen their forces, if we work fast enough, Greed will not possess Africa, nor racial hatred drench that continent with blood.

For God *must* rule Africa in power!

Peace Plebiscite [*Continued from page 58*]

tion that the mass of people, while they have decided views on war and peace, are confused as to the things that make for war or peace. They want to know what the League of Nations is all about, and the Kellogg Pact, and National Isolation, and More Equal Distribution of World Resources and Markets—and all the rest, with the bare exception, it appears, of the Munitions question. The daily press in general has not given them much help and there is crying need of enlightenment somehow along as simple lines as can be devised."

On several issues the vote was close. For instance, on preparedness—a larger army, navy, and air force. In New England, church people were evenly divided on this issue. That means we aren't really clear whether increasing armament makes for war or for peace. And we need to know.

That is suggestive of the program of peace education that lies before us. The answers to war and peace problems are not yet all in, so far as church people are concerned. There is much still to be learned—by reading, discussion, debate. The Plebiscite has taught us our inadequacies. And now we know more certainly that the fight for peace is not only of the heart but also of the mind.

King Cotton Abdicates

A Negro Family and the Cotton They Raised Near Greenwood, S. C.

"A TENANT who at annual settlement time offered five bales of cotton was told after some owl-eyed figuring that this cotton exactly balanced his debt. Delighted at the prospect of a profit that year, the tenant reported that he had one more bale which he had not yet brought in.

"'Shucks,' shouted the boss, 'why didn't you tell me before? Now I will have to figure the account all over again and make it come out even!' But every story of this kind can be matched by tales of unreliability and shiftlessness on the part of the tenant."

This story is only one of many in *The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy*, a little volume recently issued by the University of North Carolina Press. The foreword states that "the present brief summary of the findings of a Commission of Three (Edwin R. Embree, Chas. S. Johnson, Will Alexander), which has for the past two years made an intensive study of cotton culture and farm tenancy in the region commonly known as the Old South, is issued for general readers who may not care to delve into the intricacies of a complex subject, but who as citizens should know the outlines of a significant and tragic situation which is of immediate concern to public policy."

The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy is packed full of facts—interestingly related and sometimes startlingly revealing even to those who have lived in the heart of the situation.

A MERE SUBSIDY TO PLANTERS

Even the AAA unwittingly played into the hands of the land owner. It proved to be merely a subsidy to planters. One tenant with bitter humor said, "More of the bosses have redeemed homes and redeemed their lands and bought cars in Noxubee County, Mississippi, than they did during the World War, and the poor people have suffered more."

"The Kingdom of Cotton reared first upon the backs of black slaves is supported today by an ever-increasing horde of white and black tenants and share-croppers whose lives are hopelessly broken by the system."

Rupert P. Vance estimates the number of families in the cotton belt at 1,790,783. Of these 1,091,944 are white and 698,839 colored, making approximately five and a half million whites and slightly over three million Negroes. "The old 'boss and black' attitude of slavery pervades the whole system and the fixed custom of exploiting the Negro because of his race, color and previous condition of servitude has been carried over to the white tenant."

Yet it has been impossible to bring about any change even to get the poor white workers

to take a stand, since any movement for reform is immediately confused with the race issue. Because of their insistence upon the degrading of three million Negro tenants, five and a half million white workers continue to keep themselves in virtual peonage.

WHY THE COLLAPSE?

Several factors contribute to the collapse. The first is that the cotton planting system, beginning in the Carolinas, has always found it easier to move westward to newer land than to preserve or restore the old farms. Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and California are new cotton areas. Mississippi and the states west of the Mississippi now produce three-fourths of the cotton of the United States. Texas and Oklahoma alone produce nearly one-half.

Second: The loss of world markets. Fifty other cotton producing countries now compete with the South.

Third: The mechanization of farming—the tractor, the gang plow, and now the cotton-picking machine have displaced large quantities of manual labor.

"The drone of a waddling ungainly machine here today" said a United Press dispatch from Litchfield, Arizona, "may have been the swan song of a traditional figure of the old South—the cotton picker. Only a dozen spectators watched the picker straddle over a field of cotton gobbling up the fleecy bolls. In a nearby field unaware of what was going on a line of hand pickers advanced, plucking tediously. In less than three hours approximately six hundred pounds of cotton was harvested mechanically, and the hand pickers could gather less than thirty pounds each during the same time. The cost of machine picking was estimated at about one dollar an acre or about one fifth as much as hand picking."

Fourth: The competition of other fabrics, especially rayon, which, though an infant industry, is now our third largest textile.

CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS

What is to become of the one-half million to a million families—the two million to five million individuals—who no longer are needed as cotton tenants?

"Reorganization of farming in the old cotton states is the only acceptable and feasible way out," say the authors. The first step sounds strangely familiar—"forty acres and a mule for the newly freed slave" was the slogan in Reconstruction Days. Buying up huge acreages of farm lands now in the hands of insurance companies, land banks and others, and distributing it in small plots of twenty to forty acres—enough to support a farm family—is the initial step in the remedy for today.

If the Bankhead Bill passes, the land is to be allocated to the new owners on long leases and easy terms. "The aim is to give the new farmers a sense of ownership and to prevent them from selling or mortgaging their holdings."

But perhaps the major objective, aided by stern necessity, is to make these farms furnish foodstuffs instead of cotton and to encourage the owners to try new money-producing crops such as livestock, fruits and dairy products.

It is suggested, in the second place, that service agencies be set up by regions to guide the new homesteaders.

In the third place, experiments are to be conducted in unified and carefully directed types of communities such as "(a) coöperative farm colonies, (b) communities with highly developed services in schools and health and recreational facilities."

The fourth suggestion is that communities of the European type with homes and public services concentrated in villages with farm lands on the outskirts be set up.

The book does not claim that this plan will solve all the problems of the rural South. "(1) Large stretches of worn out soil, (2) the long tradition of a single cash crop, cotton, which the new farmers will find it hard to break away from, (3) the vicious and enervating prejudice between the races which beclouds issues and makes almost impossible any concerted program of recovery and progress, and (4) the traditions of dependence and the general shiftlessness and incompetence of the workers both white and colored who make up the large marginal farm population intensify the difficulty.

But the authors claim that reorganization of

[*Continued on page 72*]

Help China Now!

By Paul Russell Reynolds

HER defenses undermined by communism, her old civilization crumbling, the foundations for her new civilization not yet laid, China turns to us for aid.

"Tell the folks there in America that we need your help," said to me just before we left for furlough, Mr. C. W. Wang, who is carrying on side by side with Harold Matthews in our program of country evangelistic work. "You have such rich spiritual backgrounds! Your experience in the Christian religion goes back for centuries. Our Christian rootage is so shallow! The storms now are so terrific! We need your sympathy, your understanding, and the encouragement and strength which can come from your prayers. Help us in our dark hour."

"I know you are busy getting ready for furlough," said the young pastor of our city church in Fenchow when he asked me to help with a series of cottage prayer-meetings; "but I think this is tremendously important. Pray *for* us, Pray *with* us. We are not going to ask you missionaries any longer to 'pao tui' (which literally means 'run the legs'). Administration, business details, we can take care of. We want you to help us with the deeper, inner things."

"I trust the leaders of this fair province," said Chiang Kai Shek, addressing the political leaders of West China who represent eighty million people, "will change their selfish hearts and follow a way of life which is unselfish, honest, frugal, and marked with a deep passion for righteousness. Put away your superstitions. These are quite different from religion. Religion is good and would help you to become spiritual and high-minded characters."

Mr. C. C. Peng, who is the religious worker among our eight academies in North China, says that students are coming to him with personal religious problems now. For many years they have been interested in political and social questions. Now their cry is "Help us build character so that when we get out into life we shall not 'cave in' as these other men have done."

"These other men!" Last year, when Sherwood and Brewer Eddy came to our provincial capital I sat in on one closed meeting when Sherwood Eddy spoke to about a thousand officials. He gave the most scathing denunciation of their grafting, the opium racket, and their other weaknesses that I have ever listened to. When he finished there was absolute silence.

"Well, you have the goods on us," said in effect at last an old, grey-bearded official back in the corner, using four Chinese words. The men then began to applaud, and following the meeting a plan was made to clean up some of these evils.

"I have had a real religious experience here," said to me Mr. L. M. Liu, national secretary for the Y. M. C. A. after three days spent with our students in Fenchow. "These young people are seeking God. They are trying to find a way to build their own lives after the pattern of Jesus."

CAN AMERICA HELP?

Marvelous snow-capped mountains, mighty plains, great cities, and a stalwart people vibrant with youth—what a civilization our fathers have built here in America!

It is not just a material civilization. Dreams and prayers went into its founding. Idealism is built into its structure. Its concrete results have brought a more abundant life to untold millions.

Dr. Hu Shih, the Chinese philosopher and scholar, once sharply checked a group of students who were boasting of the spiritual quality of Eastern civilization as compared to the materialistic West.

"Go to America, see their great hospitals, their public schools, the countless philanthropies, all that have made life rich and easy for the common folk. Then look around you and see ignorance, superstition and misery here, and never again boast thus."

Yes, coming back after seven years in the Ori-

ent one finds much to warm and stir the heart, but I wonder—

Are some, nay many, men and women feeling a deep spiritual need and yearning? The religious editor of a great daily says: "Have you noticed how many of our leaders in statecraft, business, and industry have been asserting of late that America needs a spiritual awakening?

"May it not be that thoughtful men in the realm of business and the state have been shocked by the collapse of their basis of confidence in material values and are turning to the spiritual as a better ground for their faith and a higher promise of security and happiness?"

A friend of mine, who is an employer of labor, has been trying to make Christian principles work in his business. He wrote me that he was driven back to renew his spiritual energies. He has been studying his Bible and reading devotional books.

The churches are asking for pastors with a deep spiritual message. This is not because they wish to escape the implications of the Council for Social Action. It is because of the everyday round of work. It is because Bill is hanging around with the crowd at the tavern. It is because sickness and sorrow as well as joy need new interpretation of the old verities.

The leaders in our student young people's conferences say that there is a more thoughtful temper evident in our youth these days. They are more open to a direct religious appeal. I have been told of a college girl who asked her parents to allow her to transfer from one of our own colleges because she found that neither faculty nor president were making any religious emphasis.

Can we, this great new land, this mighty, free, idealistic, yes, this *religious* people, work out, under God, our manifest destiny to help bring a new day, the Kingdom of God on earth?

BREAD UPON THE WATERS

We must not fail this great sister nation of ours, China, in her hour of Gethsemane. It is not always going to be a one-way road. This great nation, which has, more consistently than any other, held a philosophy and practice of non-resistance, and has kept thus her racial vitality while Rome and Babylonia have burned out their lives and crumbled to ruins, can make a real and practical contribution to the building program of world peace.

Mr. T. Z. Koo, Vice-President of the World Christian Student Federation, now stirs student groups in Europe and America as perhaps no Westerner can do.

Three years ago our little boy fell sick with the measles. It was a particularly virulent form which ran quickly into pneumonia. Dr. Watson said there was a new treatment of blood transfusion from someone who had already had the measles and had thus built up immunity.

Tests failed to find any of our American group whose blood just matched our little boy's. A young Chinese nurse had such blood. (It is queer, isn't it, how modern science, with its blood groupings brings evidence that the Bible was right . . . "hath made of one blood all nations of men.") She was radiantly happy to be able to help little Paul.

Yes, the Chinese will repay anything and everything we may do for them. They are a great people.

King Cotton Abdicates [*Continued from page 70*]

the farm system is basic to reform in other matters. They point to Denmark where tenancy has been abolished completely, to Ireland and Germany where drastic reforms have been made, while in the United States nothing of a serious and far-reaching character has been done to modify a wretched agrarian system.

The solution will not come in a day or a decade. Educational solutions are always the slow ones. Readers of the HERALD will be especially interested to note in the article in this number on Brick School that the American Missionary Association is already at work in some of its institutions in the heart of the cotton belt trying out a modification of the Danish Folk School in order to adapt the life of the pupils to the changed conditions which must inevitably follow the "Collapse of Cotton Tenancy."

Over Sixty Thousand Dollars

The Story of the Christmas Fund of 1935

ONCE more the people of our churches demonstrated their brotherly remembrance of the Veterans of the Cross by contributing a total of $63,289 to the Christmas Fund of the Board of Ministerial Relief. This is the tenth year in which this fund has exceeded $60,000.

While the welfare agencies and the government must from necessity meet the problem of relief in a large way through community funds and taxation, there are still thousands of our church people who take delight in expressing their spirit of Christian fellowship and sympathetic concern for our retired and disabled ministers and their families through these "extra" gifts.

Aside from the expense of promotion and collection, every dollar of the Christmas Fund finds its way into the hands of men, women and children whose welfare is a distinct responsibility of our churches, and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for hard and unselfish work done with slight earthly reward and little or no opportunity of providing for advanced years.

As in years past, gifts to the Christmas Fund were received from all directions, east and west, north and south, and from all ages and classes of people.

SOME OF THE GIFTS

On the one hand came a gift of $3.15 from the young people of a Slavonic Congregational Church, whose pastor's wife wrote, "Our young people wished to have a part in making someone happy on Christmas; so in reply to your letter we took a penny collection which amounted to $3.15. This sum, though small, is given with glad hearts, for we know that every little helps."

At the other extreme was a check for one thousand dollars from a lovely and generous-hearted woman, who ever since 1927 has contributed one or two thousand dollars in the name and in memory of her husband, a man who was devoted to the Fund during his lifetime.

"I hope that I shall be able to keep up these gifts as long as I live," she wrote; "but each year I begin along about October to wonder just how it is to be managed. Extra and unexpected demands on my pocketbook together with a dwindling income makes the prospect for December look dubious; but somehow the Lord sees to it that when December comes, I find it possible to meet what to my mind is an obligation."

Before Christmas more than eight hundred checks were sent out to pensioners on the regular rolls of the national and state boards of relief. In addition, 108 checks went to others of our ministers and widows who are suffering from illness, unemployment or sheer destitution.

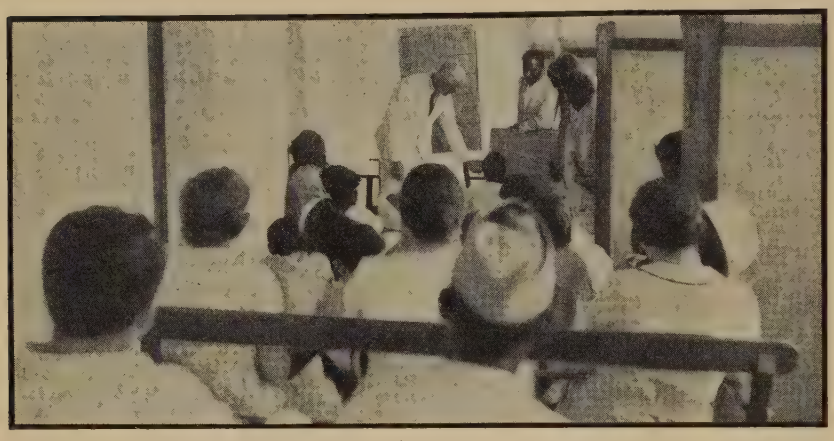
This is one of the largest distribution of Christmas checks ever made by the Board. The amounts sent were on the same basis as for the last two years, and what was not distributed at Christmas will be kept in an Emergency Fund to meet cases of acute distress during the coming year.

Various schemes may come and go, Government aid may in time become available to a limited extent to ministers, but the Christmas Fund remains a unique agency of our churches for the direct, efficient and economical relief of distress.

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing



MAMMY'S LITTLE BLACKBIRDS

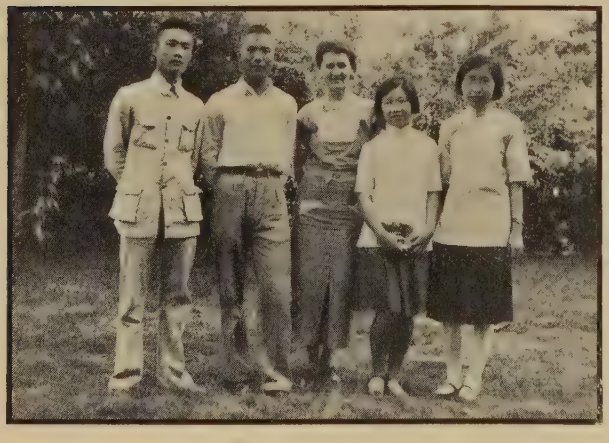
While Mother is attending a meeting at Chikore in our East Africa Mission learning how to feed and care for her babies, these lively "samples" amuse themselves in the grass.

INTERNATIONAL SMILES

Mrs. James A. Hunter of Tunghsien, North China, and Miss Grace Kao, head resident teacher of the Goodrich Girls' School. Mr. Hunter is on the staff of the Lu Ho Rural Institute, which is doing so much to help the Chinese farmer.

WAGING WAR ON ILLITERACY

"One-third of the world's illiterates are in India," is the startling comment of Dr. Frank C. Laubach of Lanao, Philippine Islands, who is shown here demonstrating his literacy method to a group of Indians. On his way to America for furlough, Dr. Laubach worked with many groups in Malaysia, Ceylon, India and the Near East, adapting his literacy charts to their language difficulties. Dr. Edward W. Wilder of Madura, India, after watching Dr. Laubach teach a group of little children and women, exclaimed, "I know what makes this method work. It is love!"



FUTURE LEADERS OF CHINA

Here is Miss Lyda S. Houston, of Wenshan Girls' School, with four presidents of Christian Student Unions. Miss Houston acts as adviser. The young men represent from left to right the Union High School and Foochow College. The young women left to right represent Wenshan Girls' School and Union Kindergarten Training School.

MEET THE HARRISONS

The Harrisons include Rev. Max H. Harrison, Mrs. Minnie K. Harrison, Richard H. and Robert H. Harrison, aged 8 and 7, all of Bangalore, India, where Mr. Harrison is a professor in the United Theological College. The Harrisons will reach America on furlough next June.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Seated: Admiral S. K. Chen, Secretary of China's Navy under the Nationalist Government, new chairman of the Board of Managers of Foochow College, Foochow, China; Miss Martha Wiley, Principal of the Woman's Bible School, Foochow. Standing (left to right): Dean Nga, Principal Hsueh, and Mrs. Hsueh. Admiral Chen was a student at Foochow College for four years. He was Naval Attache to the Chinese Legation in London and during the World War was an observer for the Chinese Government with the Allied armies. He has distinguished himself in naval commands on the Yangtze in encounters with the Communists.

HER HUSBAND WANTED THEM KILLED

Miss Ivy E. Craig holding the twins of a former school girl, standing by her side, whose husband insisted that the mother return to her own home because she would not kill the babies who, he felt, would bring bad luck.

ABLE ASSISTANT

Mrs. Elvesta T. Leslie, Michigan woman, assistant in the treasurer's office of the Near East Mission, Istanbul, Turkey, snapped at her desk by Herman H. Kreider.

Devotional Service for Race-Relations Program

By Mrs. A. M. Gibbons of Ohio

"We, too, belong to His race." Acts 17:28

Hymn prayer—"Spirit of God Descend upon My Heart."

Could anything be more inconsistent and incongruous than a *Christian* with a race-superiority complex? Yet it is no secret that Christians also exhibit this almost universal characteristic which is forcibly illustrated by Ellsworth Faris in the *Social Service Review* from which I am permitted to quote, through the courtesy of the University of Chicago Press.

He says, that when Rome was mistress of the world, Cicero wrote to his friend Atticus who was contemplating the purchase of more slaves, as follows: "Whatever you do, do not buy English slaves, for the English people are so dull and stupid that they are not fit to be slaves in the house of Atticus"; that earlier, the Romans themselves were regarded by the Greeks as "barbarians"; that the Greeks in turn were considered "children" with "no history, no past, no civilization," by the Egyptians; and that during the Great War, Eskimos in Greenland described that event in these words: "The stupid white people keep on fighting. They are all killing each other, and it may be that ships will come no more to this land of men."

And Mr. Faris adds this experience of his own: "I once made a speech in a Bantu language to a crowd of naked savages, using native proverbs and aphorisms, and sat down feeling I had done very well; and I did not lose my reward, for I heard one man in the crowd say to another: 'Did you hear that white man speak? He actually has intelligence and can reason, which is quite rare among them.' "

Scripture Reading—Phil. 2:1-11—The "Humility Chapter."

A study of racial history shows that all nations were created from a common origin. "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" (Mal. 2:10) "One Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth derives its name and nature." (Eph. 3:15)

In his book *Of One Blood,* Dr. Robert E. Speer suggests that in order to see how clear the teaching of Christianity is on the race question, one should reread the New Testament, substituting the word "races" for "gentiles." With that change in mind have the following passages read by members of the society: Mark 10:42; Acts 9:15, 10:45, 11:18, 28:28; Romans 1:13, 3:29, 11:25; Ephesians 3:6; I Tim. 2:7.

A vivid picture of a world without race prejudice is sketched by Basil Matthews in *The Clash of Color.* With the kind permission of the Missionary Education Movement I am quoting as follows:

"Standing on the touchline of the football field of the American University at Beirut on a crisp afternoon in spring, I saw streaming down from the pavilion a team such as I had never before even imagined in my wildest athletic dreams.

"The captain was an Abyssinian, thick set, but a fast and accurate shot. His fullbacks were a Turk and an Armenian; the halfbacks and the forwards included a Syrian Christian from the Lebanon, a Greek, other Turks, a Persian, and a Copt from Egypt. Their trainer was an Irishman. The principal of the college and many of the faculty were American. In the college were nine hundred boys from all those lands.

"The football field was on Asiatic soil; but the people represented were drawn, not only from four separate races in Asia—the Syrian Arab, the Armenian, the Turk, and the Persian—but the Abyssinian came from Africa, the Greeks from Europe, the trainer from the British Isles, and the principal from America. Every continent had its man. All the world was represented.

"As I stood watching the members of the team take their places and the opposing team move out to face them, and then heard the whistle blow and saw the game surge down and up the field, I could see that they were playing a really magnificent team game. Talking with the sports captain of the college who was standing by me I asked, 'What special difficulty do you find in training a team like this?'

" 'A real hard nut to crack,' he replied, 'is just this. These fellows come from countries where the whole idea of team-play is unknown. Each at the beginning of his football training wants to dribble the ball down the field at his own feet and score the goal himself for his own glory. It is just the same,' he interjected, 'if you are teaching them baseball, or cricket, or hockey. So,' he went on, 'I have won the battle, not only for the boy as a member of the team, but really for his whole life job, *when I have taught him to pass.*'

"I looked again and realized the simple miracle that had been performed. There was the Armenian fullback—whose father had been massacred by a Turk—passing to the Turk who sent the ball out to a forward wing, a Greek, and he to the Persian who centered to the African captain, who, amid a roar of cheering from the college, scored a brilliant goal.

[*Continued on page 88*]

Forty Years After—At Brick

By Fred Brownlee

"You who are crossing forty may not know it, but you are the luckiest generation ever. The advantages you are about to enjoy will soon be recited, with a sincere undertone of envy. The world has been remodeled for your greater glory."

So starts the popular book, "Life Begins at Forty" to which thousands turn with the eagerness with which Ponce de Leon must have searched for the fountain of youth.

Is the same true of institutions? When do they begin? It is common for institutions to observe "Founders' Day." Hampton Institute annually reviews with reverence and quickened insight the life of Samuel Chapman Armstrong. Tuskegee does the same concerning Booker T. Washington. And so one might go on through a long list of private institutions.

This would seem to argue that institutions begin to live when they originate and not forty years after. Be that as it may, attention is now directed to an institution which has lived for forty years.

IT PAID TO SPEAK IN CHURCH

It was on a Sunday morning forty years ago, that William A. Sinclair, a graduate of Fisk University, and at the time a financial agent for Howard University, was telling, in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, how eager Negroes were for an education. Mrs. Joseph K. Brick was in the audience. After the benediction she went forward and said to Mr. Sinclair, "I have a farm in North Carolina. Would Howard University start a school for colored children there?" He carried this question back to Washington and put it to General O. O. Howard who in turn visited Mrs. Brick and directed her to the American Missionary Association.

Candidates for Education

Pupils Together

The result was the beginning of the Joseph K. Brick School into which Mrs. Brick put thousands of dollars. (The farm contains slightly over eleven hundred acres, and is situated two miles from the village of Enfield and sixteen miles from Rocky Mount on the main section of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.)

STARTING WHERE THEY WERE

Anticipating the graphic slogan which Booker Washington uttered in his famous Atlanta speech, Brick School let down its bucket where it was. This means that it began with elementary education, regardless of the ages of its pupils. A mother and son were sometimes in the same classes.

At the same time it taught the dignity of labor by which most of the pupils paid their way. As the year went by grade was added to grade, until, prior to the economic depression from which we are now emerging, the second year of college work was

Commencement Time at Brick

added, and the name changed to Brick Junior College.

Progress had been as natural and orderly as evolution with few variations. The first principal, Mr. T. S. Inborden, had continued in charge almost to the end. He had seen the campus at Commencement time change from a parking place for farm wagons with mule teams to as many as seven hundred automobiles on one occasion.

DAYS DARK AND DREARY

Then came the depression. The A.M.A. had to make deep cuts all along the line. Salaries were reduced. Positions were eliminated. Schools were closed—among them Brick Junior College. The latter was not done, however, without careful study and much thinking.

The determining factors were two: (1) the progressive experience of North Carolina in the field of education for Negroes, (2) the knowledge that the American Missionary Association very likely, even with returning prosperity, would not be able to finance the institution in its advances toward high-grade, four-year work. Furthermore, North Carolina already had more colleges for Negroes than any other southern state.

So Brick was closed. The day was dark and dreary. What would progressive North Carolina do? What would the community do? Would the A.M.A. ever do anything more for Brick? What would Mrs. Brick think? Such were the questions of those who were closest to the scene.

THEN SHONE THE SILVER LINING

The dark days passed quickly. North Carolina had recently established a state-wide program of education for both races, guaranteeing the payment of salaries to all teachers. Brick School is in the Northeast tip of Edgecombe County, adjoining Halifax County on the north and Nash County on the west. The tips of these three counties were without school facilities for Negro children, and Edgecombe County had no rural high school for Negroes.

Brick Tri-County School

With county lines wiped out, so far as teachers' salaries were concerned, the time was ripe to establish a free primary and secondary school for the neglected children in the extremities of the three counties. The American Missionary Association offered the free use of such of its property as might be needed until a schoolhouse could be erected. The State was ready to pay the salaries of the teachers. The superintendent of Edgecombe County was willing to supervise the school.

In the fall—following the spring when Brick Junior College closed, Brick Tri-County School opened. This is the third year of the public school. There are ten teachers and almost three hundred pupils.

FROM DENMARK CAME IDEAS

But what about the community, the farm, and the unused buildings? The problem here was essentially three-fold: (1) general adult education, (2) how to improve agricultural methods, (3) how to enrich rural life.

In the earlier days tenant farmers had been placed on the Brick Farm. They were anxious to educate their children, while at the same time they earned a living. Small cottages and barns had been built from time to time, until over three hundred acres were under tenant cultivation.

The tenant farmers agreed to pay the school thirty-three pounds of lint-cotton per acre in exchange for the use of a cottage, barn, land, and the privilege of sending their children to school. (At present prices that means approximately three dollars and sixty-three cents per acre.) The farms average from thirty to forty acres. The tenants raise for money crops, in addition to cotton, peanuts, tobacco and corn. They also have cattle for which they raise feed, and vegetable gardens.

For these tenants and the Negroes in the immediate neighborhood (all the farms now adjoining the Brick Farm are owned by Negroes) Brick School had become more than a school. It was where they held

their annual farmers' meeting. It was where they went for entertainments, lectures and concerts. It was where they went for information and counsel on all matters. It had been their inspiration for a long time and their hope for years to come.

What an opportunity for adult education! What a chance for continued and enlarged service! What soil in which to sow seeds of Denmarkian Folk School Education!

To do this a plan was suggested which proved too expensive for the A.M.A. treasury and a bit venturesome and novel to some of its directors. But the door was left ajar and other doors were soon opened.

THE EXPANDING PLAN

The developing adult educational plan emphasizes health knowledge and care, home-making, agriculture and farm mechanics, citizenship, wholesome use of leisure, and religion. The A.M.A. has agreed to allow the tenant farm rent to be applied toward the expenses of such a program, provided coöperative assistance is secured elsewhere. Later, provision was made for some repairs and equipment.

A sponsoring committee of fifteen has been formed. Among others on this committee are the state supervisor of Negro schools, the state high school visitor, the state supervisor of vocational agriculture, teachers and county agricultural demonstrators, the state supervisor of home demonstration agents and home economics teachers, the county superintendents of schools in Edgecombe, Halifax and Nash Counties, a professor of rural economics at North Carolina State College, a professor of Religion at Duke University, and the executive secretary of the A.M.A.

Already this sponsoring committee has been able to produce the salaries, coöperatively, and place at work in the Brick enterprise a teacher of vocational agriculture, a county agricultural demonstration agent, a home economics teacher and a county home demonstrator. The sponsoring committee is an interracial body. The staff at Brick is entirely Negro.

DEMONSTRATION IN PROCESS

The teacher of vocational agriculture and the farm demonstrators are married. They have homes on the campus, with assignments of ten acres each for private cultivation and demonstration purposes. The home economics teacher and the home demonstrator are furnishing a cottage for themselves which is to be open to the women of the community—an object lesson in home-making, home-keeping, home decoration, and home entertaining. These four teachers and demonstrators in the field of agriculture and home-making have organized night classes for adults and community clubs. They are intelligent about what they are doing and enthusiastic about doing it.

The large dining-room which has been closed for

Now Also a Recreation Hall

over two years has been equipped for basket ball and other forms of inside games. Recently the community club entertained the A.M.A. secretary with a delicious dinner, well cooked and served; with good speeches by members of the club and delightful music. In time the sponsoring committee hopes to find the money required for health service, citizenship training, wholesome use of leisure, and religion. Meanwhile, with the exception of health, these elements in the program are receiving the voluntary attention of members of the regular school staff.

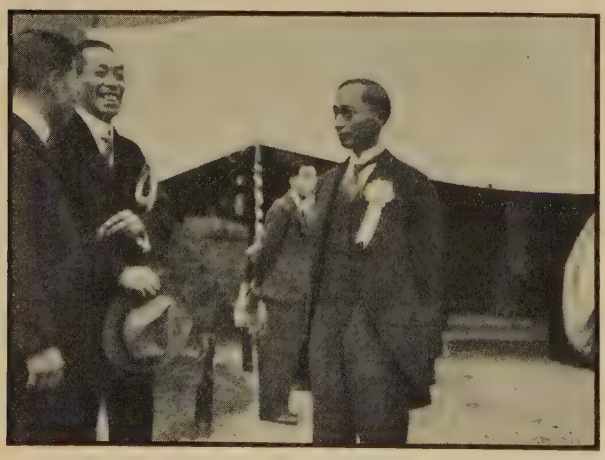
Thus has life re-begun on the Brick Farm at forty. Stop and see for yourself when motoring by on the main highway from Washington to Jacksonville. On the way down inquire at Enfield; on the way up, at Whitakers.

The Doshisha Celebration*

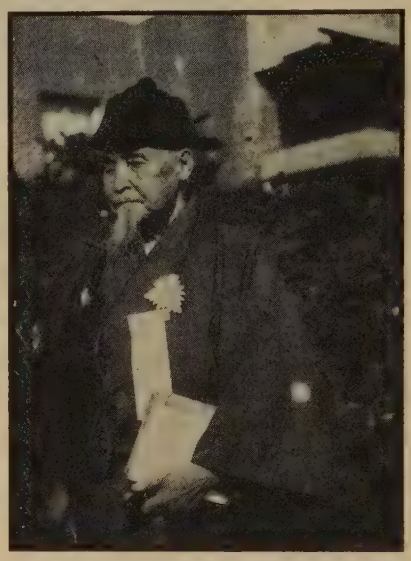
By Esther Lowell Hibbard

THE picturesque opening of the celebration, which was suggested by the students themselves, was a lantern-light procession: over seven hundred boys carried each a softly glowing crimson globe on a long slender withe. At a distance the effect was of dancing glow-worms; nearer, the procession resolved into a centipede with flickering joints. Before the Imperial Palace the students all saluted by raising their lights at arm's length—a veritable river of fire. Western torch-light processions have much to learn from such a show.

All the faculty and students made a pilgrimage to the Founder's grave on a slope of a mountain east of the city, the departments going separately. Sunday, the 26th, was set aside for remembrance of those who had died in the service of Doshisha or of those graduates who had carried its message and spirit with them wherever they went. The roll of the honored dead was printed in a booklet which members of the audience could carry home with them.



President Yuasa (right) and Some Faculty Members



Y. Yuasa, Oldest Alumnus, who composed the new Alma Mater song

On the Big Day an audience of over seven thousand filled the Athletic Field, which had been transformed by the addition of an enormous tent enclosed in the same red and white bunting which surrounded the campus walls. When Prince Higashi Kuni arrived everyone rose and bowed low. There followed the national anthem, the President's address, and the Hallelujah Chorus sung by the Doshisha Mixed Chorus. The President's address was noteworthy for its emphasis upon the Christian principles to which the school had been consecrated.

Speakers congratulated the institution upon its marked progress during the last sixty years; the quality of the graduates and their service to society; the spirit of inter-

* In our November and January issues there were articles on Doshisha University with reference to the celebration of its sixtieth anniversary, an anniversary more important in Japan than the fiftieth, since it completes a "Cycle." After the January issue was off the press, came Miss Hibbard's account of the celebration—which has been somewhat condensed.

national coöperation which has always been its ideal, though at the same time not minimizing the highest love of country; its service in bringing dignity to womanhood.

Recognition of twenty-five years or more of continuous service was given to Dr. Ebina, formerly President; to Eisuke Nakamura, many times President *pro tem;* to Mr. T. Ozawa, M.P. and Trustee of Doshisha; to Dean Wada; to Dr. Mary Florence Denton of the Woman's College; to Dr. E. S. Cobb of the American Board and Dr. B. F. Shively of the United Brethren Mission which coöperates with Doshisha, and five other members of the faculty.

The ceremony drew to a close with the singing of the new Alma Mater, the first song with Japanese text which the school has had. It was composed in honor of the anniversary by the oldest alumnus (seventy-eight years old) and set to music by another alumnus.

That afternoon the Doshisha-Amherst building was dedicated by a covenant binding students and witnesses to "Preserve the memories of Neesima and Stewart Nichols; cultivate the spirit of friendship between Japan and America; strengthen the ties that bind the two colleges; further the cause of peace and goodwill among the nations." Dr. Plimpton, President of the Corporation, Amherst College, presented the building in the name of the Amherst Alumni and President Yuasa accepted it. Rev. Frank Cary, Amherst '11, offered the prayer of dedication. The building will be a home for about twenty students who are chosen for their character and their interest in English and international problems. It thus fills a vital place in the life of the campus. That evening President Yuasa gave a dinner for about two hundred and fifty faculty members and friends of Doshisha.

The rest of the week was in the hands of the undergraduates for exhibitions of their activities, athletic, musical, dramatic, and artistic. The music was epoch-making. In addition to the usual concert, made up of numbers by all the volunteer musical organizations in the school, there was a special performance of *The Messiah* by a chorus of one hundred and fifty university men and college women that had rehearsed for five months under the leadership of Mr. Yoshio Morimoto, an American-trained specialist in church music. His amazing success in moulding into shape this group of amateur singers was measured by the ovation which the concert received.

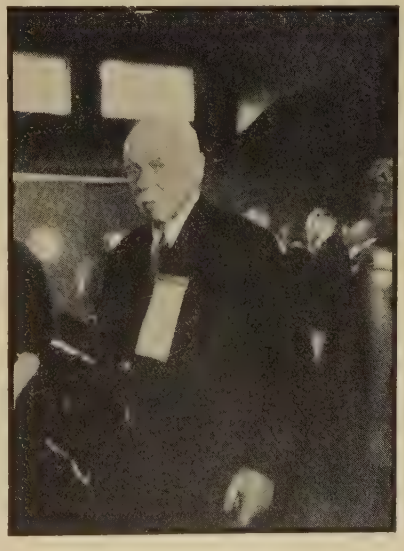
Two dramatic programs were held, one in charge of the University, the other of the Woman's College. The latter was a presentation of the court scene from *The Merchant of Venice* and was distinguished for its dignified setting, remarkably fine acting, and clear enunciation. The costumes were all designed and made

Dedication of the Amherst Building. Professor Cobb at the Microphone

by the students from unbelievably cheap materials.

Among the exhibitions of student skill the complete bridal outfit displayed on a mannequin attracted the most admiring attention, while the cookery department lured many to sample its wares. A remarkable collection of ancient Japanese robes was made possible through the courtesy of Professor Ema, Kyoto authority on historic costumes and customs.

If the skillful organization and coöperation which carried through the anniversary week continue to pervade the campaign for endowment funds which the Doshisha is now conducting, its success is assured. (It received at this time a gift of 5000 Yen from the Education Department.) May the time not be far away when an even larger student body may pursue its studies in the ideal buildings planned for them, that Joseph Neesima's hope of making Christian education a really constructive force in Japanese life may be fulfilled.



Dr. Plimpton, President of the Corporation, Amherst College

Trial by Fire at Southern Union

Girls' Dormitory—the Morning After

"SMATTER-HOUSE?" said little Kathryn Ensminger when she first saw the Southern Union College girls' dormitory—the morning after. November 26 at 5 a.m., occupants of the dormitory had been aroused by dense smoke filling rooms and corridors. Fifteen minutes after the alarm sounded it was impossible to enter the northeast wing.

And two hours later the building was a skeleton—eyeless window sockets and bare brick bones. The only signs of life were wisps of blue smoke—the glutted fire god sticking out his tongue at 'em. The death notice of this building will read, "Cause unknown." It is one of those unsatisfactory, unsolved mystery stories.

As always, the brilliant pre-dawn spectacle—maniacal flames leaping so high they touched the sky—has significance only in terms of human values. Dignified columns do not in themselves make for dignity; nor do ravished walls symbolize a head bloody and bowed.

Go to a fire if you want to study human nature, plus and minus. Lorene confessed afterwards that her first thought was, "Well, here goes my last chance at a college education." Lillian lost all the dresses she had so miraculously conjured from remnants, hand-me-downs, and 89 cents (6 from one 89 cents' worth), because she patrolled the halls seeing that everybody was awake. Eva, one of the original Seven Sleepers, was hardest to waken.

Blanche snatched hangers full of clothes as she rushed out the door. Helen, the foresighted, took time to pack a suitcase full of her best things. Hearing Miss Van Cleave, the Librarian, calling from the upper landing, she put the suitcase down and rushed to guide her. Staggering down through the midnight of the lower lobby they minded not the suitcase full of best things. Brilliant blind Martha lost her Braille tablets and typewriter.

Immediately after all were supposedly down there was roll call. Mrs. Thornburgh, school dietitian, did not answer. Jack rushed into the black smoke wall; found her at the top of the stairs with throat too smoke-filled to call for help; dragged her to the landing window, where they both gulped enough fresh air to admit of their going on; carried her down and out—to the blessed "free air." This to Jack was just the next thing to do, and he was surprised and uncomfortable at his consequent fame.

Perhaps the funny things at a fire are sent to help support the devastation. Students, salvage bent, found on the dining tables four covered milk pitchers ready for the morrow's oatmeal. These were carefully set down outside; moved as the fire grew hotter, moved again; and moved a third time to a safer distance. Not a drop of milk was spilled.

Intent on being of service, Olin rushed to one of the beehives and took the top off. Again within an hour there was running for one's life. After having stood and walked around at the fire for two hours, one of the girls found herself down at the house of Dean Van Cleave in the village. But when barefooted and in need of shoes, where go sooner than to the Dean's?

At 8 a.m. there was a faculty meeting, the gist of which was that all were in favor of keeping on keeping on.

That afternoon President Ross Ensminger, with others, stood on the top of the concrete steps, demonstrating positions in the ruins with pebbles: "Look at that freak radiator, broken horizontally straight across, clean as a whistle. Where do you suppose those eleven pairs of burned glasses are? What I hit then was Professor Shroyer's typewriter. Can't see the telescope he made out of a borrowed camera lens. Nor the scientific library he has been collecting for a number of years.

"Professor Goernandt lost his laboratory equipment and his prize book of lecture notes. Says he has lost his college education and might as well go on home. Those thirty-seven quilts that the ladies of Alabama and points beyond made for teachers' salaries are about over there. Mrs. Sparks and her Ohio ladies sent sev-

[*Continued on page 84*]

A Tientsin Dedication and Anniversary

By Robert Elmer Chandler

THESE were worth getting together for, and really celebrating. So we did. Though this [December 2, 1935] is a trying time for any loyal friend of China—the indignities abound . . . Meanwhile the dignity and calm with which intelligent Chinese are facing the whole situation, speaks of something far more lasting than any of these politico-military plays or players.

We in the Tientsin Kung Li Hui have had some great days and we like to remember them. We also like to look up to our fine Kang Wei Lu Church building and to observe how it has been used, steadily night and day, since the dedication. After seventeen years in borrowed or poor makeshift quarters the church now has a home; a beautiful and adequate home; a home all its own. And then 75 years of the Tientsin Kung Li Hui (the Congregational association)!

"Why wait till November 2?" some of the city members said. The church was ready for use a month earlier. And it was September 28, 1860, that Henry Blodgett came up the river and stepped off near the East Gate of the River-Town of Tientsin [hence our error in the January issue in giving September as the time of celebration. ED.].

However, we *did* wait: there are eighteen other churches in the country villages belonging to this Association; they belong in the whole picture, too, but were busy with crops in September and October. We must have those people with us. And we did. They came. Nearly every tiny church was represented.

The Dedication Service of Saturday was significant in its sincerity and dignity. Many members shared in it, each one set to make his part as clear and vital as possible in its place. So also with the three singing groups: the Sunday school children, the Stanley School girls, and the regular church choir.

The speakers were not many. No sermon. But three men told of the history of this church since September 1, 1918, in the Ballou living-room. Six-sevenths of the money given by Chinese Christians,

Laying the cornerstone last May of the dedicated church. Miss Buell, Mr. Chandler, Mr. A. G. Robinson are in the group.

right here in North China! All the struggles of the spring of 1934 and since in this campaign, including even the catastrophe of having some of the building funds swallowed in an American bank which failed, have added value to our building. "This is *our* building—our own. Kang Wei Lu Church has built her own home." The full congregation stood to join in the vows of Dedication, led by Pastor Wei, and in the concluding prayers.

Then came Sunday with several more high points: a beautiful Service of Worship prepared by Pastor and Choir; a strong sermon by Timothy Lew of Yenching University. He pointed the way ahead for those of "Congregational" habit and faith. In the afternoon, Historic Remembrance of 75 years of the Kung Li Hui. This meeting was remarkable for its length (three hours and twenty-five minutes) but at the same time for its sustained interest.

Of course we started with frail, malaria-ridden Henry Blodgett, pressing persistently north to the Capital. (He founded the Peking Station four years later). Soon came the Stanleys for forty-eight years of service in Tientsin. Mrs. Wilder was here to tell us about her childhood home: her mother's untiring hospitality; her father's persistent tours. We remembered the faithful blind man, first convert; the schoolboys early gathered; and the little girl who had a bath and some clean clothes in the Stanley-Chapin home—and this was the start of the present Stanley Memorial School, the very beginning of education for women in North China!

The speakers were many, all but three Chinese, and all told about things they had themselves seen or experienced. The chairman of this meeting was American and hence inclined to worry about the time. But he watched the audience and didn't! Every speaker had something to tell that he was interested in, and the folks below were, too. You could not get them to go.

Whistles blew at six o'clock, suppertime for the schoolboys and schoolgirls; opportunity was given, only three or four small boys left! As one speaker said near the end: "This is like members of one big family telling each other about what they have gone through. We don't get tired of that."

In the evening a service of thanksgiving and the Lord's supper. The representatives of the churches, one by one, brought up their gifts or pledges; lit their candles, and stood in front of the simple altar. And here some village Christians were afraid of being left out; so in the darkened church they went quietly back, got candles, and came up with their vows too.

On Monday, more reminiscences; and a look ahead into the next year: "What shall we do for our village?" A sparkling report from General Secretary Chang Heng-Ch'iu of his summer among the *friendly* Japanese.

Trial by Fire at Southern Union [*Continued from page 82*]

eral of them. Then there were all of Alice Goodhue's hand-hewn maps for her course in geography. Can't stop the Ethiopian war without them.

"There are still a lot of the potatoes stored under the steps. Baked potatoes now! But the ten bushels of corn for the goats, chickens, and cows is parched black. Wonder where Martha's Braille Bible is. That was the first thing her mother thought of. But this fire hasn't got our goats. The three of them are wandering around as usual this morning, butting away at life with normal zest.

Thanksgiving came two days later, and went. Girls began to appear on the campus in made-over clothing, in shoes that almost fitted, and in coats a little short. Things had settled into a sort of routine for them. Townspeople divided the victims among themselves, fed and housed the girls, fed the boys and promised hospitality as long as it should be needed.

But plans were already under way to put a temporary kitchen and dining room in the back of an empty store building. Girls and boys moved fixtures, swept and scrubbed. Sales tables made good dining tables, low horses held wooden planks for seats, and merchandise shelves held dishes and supplies. A stove donated by a local hardware man completed the arrangements and the dining room opened. What a motley assembly of plates, cups and saucers, gleaned from friends and neighbors, as well as from local stores! On Saturday night the group met for supper in the new quarters, and they fitted into the new situation with the same fine spirit that had characterized them all through the year.

Monday morning saw classes start and students who had gone to nearby homes returned to take up their work. Not a student failed to show up. All returned to make the best of the situation and to share in the rebuilding of the life of the college.

After such a catastrophe gifts of all sorts are welcome at Southern Union College — bedding, books, clothing, food, and that precious commodity, cash. But President Ross Ensminger would be particularly delighted if someone could find a Braille Bible for Martha, a couple of microscopes for the science department, and a printing press for the college. He may be addressed at Wadley, Alabama.

Mr. Fei Ch'i Hao

"Mother" Williams and Her Chinese "Children"

Mrs. Williams

By Clara Jacobson Hausske

"THE most thrilling experience that anyone could ever have had," said "Mother" Williams.

Ten Chinese men and one woman, all graduates of Oberlin, stood on the dock at Shanghai with an immense basket of roses, carnations and lilies, and scanned the deck of an approaching steamer. An elderly lady waved to them, and in a flash the oldest graduate was in front of the group, leading them in the Oberlin yell.

"Williams! Williams!! Williams!!!" at the end.

"Does that mean you?" asked fellow-passengers of the elderly lady down whose cheeks the tears were streaming, and she smiled "Yes."

THE STORY BEHIND THE WELCOME

Over thirty-five years ago that oldest graduate, Mr. Fei Ch'i Hao, principal of the school in Taiku, was transferred to Fenchow. Then in the summer of 1900 came the Boxer uprising and H. H. Kung and Rev. George L. Williams stood guard at night over the Taiku compound to protect the group within it. Mrs. Williams after nine years of service had taken her three children to America, but her husband had been asked to remain until a missionary should be sent to take his place.

One day H. H. Kung took some garments for safe keeping to his home. He was kept prisoner, not allowed to return to the compound, and thus his life was saved. For on July 31st the Boxers finally succeeded in making an entrance into the Mission compound and all the helpers and missionaries, Mr. Williams in the group, were killed.

The missionaries in Fenchow met the same fate on August 15, but Mr. Fei made his escape. Then he and H. H. Kung found their way down to Tientsin and gave the first report of the trouble in the interior. Then, Miss Luella Miner escorting them, (they were her *Two Heroes of Cathay*, the royalties from which she used for their education) the two boys went on to the States. They wanted to see Mrs. Williams and tell her first hand what had happened.

After long delay in entering the country, they entered Oberlin College whence they graduated in 1906, took their Master's degree at Yale the next year and returned to China, where Mr. Fei took up Y.M.C.A. work in Peiping (he is now a government official) and Dr. Kung became principal of the school at Taiku. Now he is chairman of the Oberlin-Shansi Schools, Minister of Finance, head of the Central Bank of China.

Meanwhile Mrs. Williams stayed in Oberlin and her home became a center for all the Chinese students attending Oberlin. She was "Mother" to all.

Last May she received a letter from one of them, Gene L. Chiao: "Here's a trip for you at last, 'Mother' Williams! The Oberlinites in Shanghai are each wanting to contribute a share toward financing your trip to China. They simply want to see you. So please get prepared and give me a rough estimate of the traveling expenses required. Of course Dr. Kung has much to do with this, for he is the most enthusiastic of all."

So came about the arrival at Shanghai in September. For ten days Mrs. Williams was entertained royally in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Kung. The parents of Madame Kung, Mr. and Mrs. Soong, were ardent Methodist Christians, and their spirit reappears in their three daughters, Madame Chiang Kai Shek, Madame Kung, and Madame Sun Yat Sen.

Mrs. Williams had the privilege of being escorted by Dr. Kung in his armored car to one of the most

thrilling Chinese services she has ever attended, conducted in the old Soong home which Madame Kung has herself established as a memorial to her sainted mother—Madame Chiang Kai Shek leading the services that night. Among those present were men and women of great influence in Shanghai who had become converted under the leadership of the Soong family.

Mr. Fei Ch'i Hao was asked by Dr. Kung to escort Mrs. Williams from Shanghai to Peiping, stopping enroute in Nanking, Tsinan, Cheefoo, and Tehchow. "Mrs. Hausske," said Mr. Fei; "I wish you could have seen the greeting those women (formerly Oberlin students) gave 'Mother' Williams when she was in Shanghai. They embraced, hugged and kissed her, and you know that is not done in China, as it is not the custom, but we all love her so much we cannot help but show this affection."

Dr. Mei, President of the Oberlin-Shansi Schools, escorted her to Taiku from Peiping, and she was met by her daughter Gladys at Shih Chia Chuang. The train was late into Taiku—10:30 p.m.—but the school band was playing, firecrackers popping, a banner of welcome floating in the air, and the station platform filled with students and faculty who at sight of her gave the Oberlin cheer.

Then they were off for the South Suburb in the hospital car. When it came to a stop within the gate 2,000 firecrackers in a spiral piece in front of the house were set off, and a beautiful sight they were on a dark night. And all the women of her daughter's school, the Alice Williams School, named for Mother Williams, sang for her on the steps of the Ladies' House.

Truly a warm welcome home after the absence of years.

Secretarial Side Lights

The Superintendent of New York

Walter Huntington Rollins originated in the rarified atmosphere of Newton, Mass., but when it came time to go to college he took refuge in that most masculine of institutions, Dartmouth. While at Hanover he acquired a strangely persistent nickname, "Ajax," became acquainted with his distinguished classmate, Charlie Merrill, and met his future wife at a Y.M.C.A. convention at Northfield.

After graduating from college in 1894 Walter Rollins went around the world with a rich uncle and then settled down to the pursuit of wisdom at Andover Seminary. Four great events came to him in 1894—his seminary degree, his wife, his ordination and his first church, which was at Blackstone, Mass. Two years in this pastorate were followed by six at Wilmington, Mass.

In 1906 he went west to Iowa, where he became pastor of the church at Waterloo, where in eight years he both built a church and paid for it. His executive talents then found expression in the presidency of Fairmount College of Wichita, Kansas, which he piloted through the difficult war years from 1914 to 1922.

A new responsibility came to him in the latter year with his election as superintendent of the New York Conference—a position which has grown continually in importance in recent years. Since the beginning of 1933, Dr. Rollins has been responsible for looking after the churches of New York City as well as those of New York state. He has taken a leading part in the merger of the state council of churches with the old Sunday school association, serving as the first president of the new organization—the New York Council of Churches and of Religious Education.

Walter Rollins has a judicious temper. His nature is not effusive, but those who come to know him learn to trust him. Many secrets are buried in his heart. One can have a lot of fun with him, particularly in his own home. As an administrator he always knows where he is going, and usually has a clear notion of how to get there. There is enough of the Yankee about him so that he enjoys bargaining, particularly if the matter in hand be a mortgage on some church property.

The Indianapolis Meeting

THE 12th Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement was held at Indianapolis, December 28, 1935, to January 1, 1936, inclusive. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Movement. Twenty-seven hundred and sixty-five registered, representing 458 institutions of the United States and Canada. The program was cast in three main divisions: platform hours for an orderly sequence of addresses; special features, such as a missionary play, a New Year's Eve party and Watch Night service, international teas and international music hours; and last, but by no means least, thirty-three informal seminars for an intimate exchange of thought and conviction between small groups of delegates and carefully chosen leaders. The platform meetings were held in the great Cadle Tabernacle, capable of seating several thousand more than actually attended the Convention. The seminars were held in nearby churches and in some of the leading hotels. The one-act play, "Operation at One," was staged at Keith's Theatre.

The program was the result of thoughtful, arduous preparation made over a period of eighteen months by a strong committee representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, allied student bodies, and mission boards. It is asserted that there was no ambiguity in the advance notices of the Convention, and no equivocation in the handling of its themes, and that its purpose and program were positively Christian and distinctively missionary—more definitely so than in some of its predecessors.

THEMES AND SEMINARS

Some of the great themes of the Convention were: "Two Basic Realities—Our World, Our Christ"; "Christianity and Its Rivals in the World Today"; "The Christianity which the World Needs"; "Missions and World Peace"; "Working toward a Christian World Community"; "The Cross of Christ and the Need of the World"; "The Achievements of Yesterday"; "The Tasks of Tomorrow"; "The Revelation of God in Jesus Christ"; "The Divine Constraint of Christian Missions."

There was one seminar on Foreign Missions—Their Present and Their Future; another on The Church's Home Missionary Task; another on Noteworthy Methods and Movements in Contemporary Evangelism; another on North American Churches and Missions; another on Prayer and Missions; another on The Prospective Missionary—His Message, Preparation, Attitudes, and Expectations; another on Religious Liberty and the Modern State; and another on The Ethical Aspects of the World-Wide Christian Adventure. It is fair to say, however, that the groups on the "Christian Fellowship" were more readily chosen: namely, The Christian Fellowship in its relation to Industrial Problems, to the Non-Christian Religious Groups, to Current Political Trends, to Problems of Race, to Rural Populations, to the World Tomorrow, to World Peace, and to Women's Movements.

There were some noted American speakers, particularly Reinhold Neibuhr, John Mackay, Henry Van Dusen, Mary Kingman, John R. Mott, and Robert E. Speer. We were hoping for a much younger lot. Archbishop Temple of York gave several addresses, as did the Rt. Rev. Richard Roberts of Toronto. Naturally, interest centered in the nationals, including Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan, T. Z. Koo and T. H. Sun of China, Mrs. Induk Pak of Korea, and Senor Camargo of Mexico. Among the missionaries who made an impression must be mentioned Frank Laubach of the Philippines, Ray Phillips of South Africa, Paul Reynolds of China, and William Vories of Japan.

As usual there was rebellion in certain circles. Several scores of young people under the leadership of a seminary student held a meeting or two of protest on various counts, but the mass of students took things calmly and sweetly, and on the whole had a good time. It is safe to say, too, that many came back to the college campus determined to live a better life and to do more thinking along international lines. Some, too, were doubtless helped in their own choice of a life service. The Hartford Seminary group came to an important decision which we hope will be the subject of an article in these columns. To us there were lacking in the Convention both cohesion and intensity, due perhaps more to the place of meeting than to lack of earnestness; also due to some confusion, perhaps, as to the real objective of the Convention; and certainly due in part to the failure of the nationals to give a ringing call for American volunteers for service with them abroad.

So far as we know, the great question of the future of the Student Volunteer Movement was not settled at Indianapolis. Doubtless, changes will take place, and perhaps some broadening of the purpose of the

Movement will be worked out before the next Quadrennial. Many feel that there is still a definite task for the Movement.

Dr. T. H. P. Sailer who, by the way, has attended every Quadrennial Convention of the S.V.M., says that he gained no impression at the Indianapolis Convention that the missionary enterprise was nearing its final stage. "I did not feel as if I were attending funeral exercises or watching a vessel sink out of sight," he writes. "I had rather the sense that the missionary enterprise was passing into a new phase in which we shall recognize the full implications of our Christianity as creating a responsibility for sharing with other races. In the earlier Conventions of the Movement the people of non-Christian lands were regarded with a feeling of condescension. Twelve years ago at Indianapolis the tide turned and the Orientals became assertive and critical of Western civilization. Now it seems as if we all feel at home with one another as comrades."

IMPRESSIONS

What the students say of the meeting we have not yet learned. Archbishop Temple spoke of the Convention as "wonderful." Dr. Mott referred to the Convention as "notable." Dr. George Stewart of Stamford, who presided, felt that he had never worked on any Convention "where the economic, political, spiritual, and organizational difficulties seemed greater, and where in the end there seemed to be a finer victory."

Our own Ray Phillips felt that generally speaking the Convention was "a good thing," even though "there seemed to be lacking the electric spirit of expectancy or of high resolve" which he sensed at some of the older conferences where slogans like "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation" appealed to the imaginations in a most tangible fashion. "Students seemed to take what was handed to them without a great deal of criticism; at least when it came to details of organization of the conference." One reason for this, according to Mr. Phillips, was given by a Yale student who said that today students did not know where they were; that they were not at all sure of themselves. A few years ago students knew that the oldsters had made a mess of things and that the youngsters were going to clean up the mess. Now they are not quite so sure that the mess can be cleaned up at all, and are uncertain as to how to begin with the job.

Dr. J. Lovell Murray of Toronto, whose business it was to publish the *Convention Bulletin* day by day, gives as his impression that the delegates were on the whole of a high quality, grading decidedly better than a cross-section of contemporary student life in North America; that it was impressive to see so many students of this sort ready to expend part of a precious vacation, usually at a real financial sacrifice, on such a gathering and to be so intent, after they arrived, on the matters in hand.

Dr. Murray is certain that the majority went back to their colleges with a new grasp of present-day world problems and a new understanding of the world context of local and national problems; that along with this they "surely carried away both a new vision of Christ as the Desire of Nations who holds the solution of all these problems, and also a vivid appreciation of the world missionary work of the Christian Church." He confidently expects that these impressions and convictions will be promptly shared and multiplied among their fellow-students. "And the call comes," he adds, "to all of us who hold dear the Christian world enterprise to pray earnestly that new missionary fires will shortly be blazing on many a campus. Our whole church life should gain a stimulus from this unusual Convention."

This word of Prof. Murray's is the most enthusiastic report of the Convention we have yet received. We look forward to reports from students, particularly from student volunteers. For after all, they are the ones who can best evaluate a meeting of this sort.

Race-Relations Devotional Service [*Continued from page 76*]

"As I looked across the field to the intense blue waters of the Mediterranean that broke in a white fringe of foam on the rocks below, the whole human scene that we have been looking upon in this book flashed into my mind. The world, I saw, is just such a football field. The problem of the world racial conflict is precisely the same as the problem of the sports captain at Beirut. There are the nations on that vast world field—each trying to dribble the ball of achievement down the field of history, to score the goal of racial or national glory for itself. There is no team-play on a world scale. The need of the human race is for a World-International Team."

Hymn—"In Christ There Is No East or West."

Heraldings

Solving "The Human Problem"

"Girls from Tougaloo . . . that place of refinement and culture . . . a few miles north of Jackson, went to Millsaps College recently and rendered a program. Millsaps College is still in Mississippi . . . so is Tougaloo. White girls from Millsaps will go to Tougaloo next week and say a word or two. When they go to Tougaloo they will see the Negro at his best and not as they have heard of him. The writer is intensely interested in such movements, and I heartily endorse Tougaloo's program. This is truly solving the human problems . . . often referred to as the race problem. Tougaloo knows how. Success, Tougaloo."

This item appeared in one of the leading Negro newspapers, the Pittsburgh *Courier* on December 14. The best feature of the item is that it is true. President Judson Cross of Tougaloo attended both affairs and reports that they not only went off "very well but also *naturally*."

The Anti-slavery Churches of the Midwest

The men who organized The American Missionary Association in 1846 were blessed with an abundance of convictions and much daring, but for nearly twenty years they were in considerable doubt as to just how to express their zeal for a rather radical brand of Christianity. The result was that they embarked upon a number of ventures in foreign lands and also made a considerable investment in home missions.

George L. Cady has recently published the results of his research in this field in a twelve-page pamphlet, *The American Missionary Association and the Churches of the Midwest Before 1861.*

Beginning in 1849 the Association made grants to churches in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas which were definitely anti-slavery in attitude and also firmly committed to total abstinence from strong drink. Many of these congregations were able to report that every member had "taken the pledge." At that time the Association also cherished a strong conviction against the use of tobacco, which it enforced against its employees but not against its church members.

As the Civil War approached the Association tended to concentrate its efforts in the border states. When the way opened for work among the Negroes in the South aid to western churches was discontinued entirely.

Among the stronger churches of today which received aid because of their abolitionist and temperance tendencies during the forties and fifties we find the following: Ravenna, Ohio; Battle Creek, Charlotte and Kalamazoo, Michigan; DeKalb, Ottawa, St. Charles and Sycamore, Illinois; Baraboo, Burlington and Delavan, Wisconsin; Cedar Falls, Mason City and Waterloo, Iowa, and the Plymouth Church of Minneapolis.

A Japanese Pacifist

"The other evening I watched George Matsummari conduct a meeting of young people from the various churches of Ogden, Utah, in our Japanese church," writes Harry W. Johnson, pastor at large for the Inter-mountain states. "The discussion was on the relations between Japan and America, and was participated in by young people of both nationalities. George provoked discussion, but always said the tactful thing in a Christian way just when the clash of opinion threatened the spirit of the meeting. It was a great moment when he asked the boys to join him in a pledge to refuse to bear arms.

" 'Let's tell both countries that we are Christian young people. We are ready to die for our countries if necessary, but we are not ready to bear arms for any nation that signs peace pacts and then resorts to war!' George is a Japanese boy born in America who is now working his way through college. When he was attending high school in Cheyenne he and my son were good friends."

Frontier Poverty

A home missionary pastor out on the western plains writes: "Our constituency are largely ranchers many of whom live in small houses which might well be called shacks.

"I called at such a home one evening to take some of the young people to choir practice and found that a man and wife with a grown son and daughter and two smaller children were living in one room, in which they cook, eat and sleep. One of the beds is dragged out into the shed in the daytime; the other is a two-story affair of home manufacture in which two sleep above and two below. In the winter a second stove is put in the room to supplement the kitchen range.

"There are many such homes in this parish. These people are proud and independent. Sometimes I ask myself, 'Can I ask these people for money for the church? They need every dime that they have.'

"Once I ate with a family where there was neither tea nor coffee. The lady explained, 'We have not been able to get to town lately.' I doubt if they had the money.

"Yet these people want to support their own church, and some day they will. I would to God that they could do it now. They need someone who can live the Christ life among them—not someone who is trying to serve an area larger than the state of Rhode Island and in the mad scramble to be in both ends of the parish at the same time really ministers to none of it."

All Guilty!

Harold W. Robinson of Peiping, China, has been studying Isaiah in the light of current events in the Far East, and has made some interesting discoveries.

"There is some reason for following Isaiah in not putting all the blame on the invaders in North China. Thinking Chinese leaders would be the last to deny that their own country is not partly responsible for the plight in which she now finds herself.

"A Chinese Christian leader said in my hearing that only a great suffering could save China. He did not know whether it would be a great war, or some other form of purification, but he was convinced that suffering alone could cleanse China. We hear similar statements frequently from the lips of our Chinese friends.

"But it does not seem to me that even Japan and China combined are responsible for all the guilt. The world is now too much a unit for any one of us to escape completely some responsibility for the state of affairs that exist in the world today.

"One reason why the Japanese have been taking silver out of China is because they can melt the Chinese dollars and sell the bullion to America at a handsome profit. We are all tarred with the same brush and should acknowledge our share of the guilt. When others suffer we must expect to suffer; when others sin we cannot expect to escape, as they also will have to suffer for our transgressions.

"Isaiah was right: the world is one, at least it was meant to be one, and there is bound to be suffering, but out of the suffering will come the Jerusalem for those who learn the great lesson of adversity and hardship. They shall be the founders of a Commonwealth of Nations in which one member shall not lift up sword against another, neither shall they learn war any more."

Program Pointers for the Pilgrim Fellowship

By Harry T. Stock

The Christian Life topics in *The Pilgrim Highroad* for the month of February deal with two major subjects: first, "Government for the People" (centering around Lincoln's birthday), and, second, "Our Neighbor to the South" (a series on Mexico).

* * *

In considering the first subject, it is recommended that young people's groups do two things. First, that they study the influence of propaganda in our present-day life. The topic for February 2 is "How American Citizens Make Up Their Minds." How, for example, do they make up their minds regarding the New Deal, the Townsend Plan, the World Court, the Ethiopian campaign? Who are the persons who determine the policies of the nation? Are they "free men" who sit in Congress and in places of executive responsibility? Or are they Mr. Hearst, Father Coughlin, the "money powers" of the Liberty League and the Chamber of Commerce? The second topic, "Lincoln's Ideals for America" gives an opportunity to read together certain of the great papers of Lincoln.

* * *

The series on Mexico will be treated in the pages of *The Pilgrim Highroad*. But, if the leader and young people are to have sufficient information to make the meetings fruitful, they will need additional material. Three pieces of literature are especially recommended.

The first is a series of simple programs, *Getting Acquainted with Mexico*, by Miss Mary D. Uline. World Service Schools receive this free. Others may secure it from the Department of World Fellowship, of the Education Society, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., for ten cents.

The second is the pamphlet, *Towards an Understanding of Mexico*, by Hubert C. Herring. This was one of the regular issues of the magazine, *Social Action*, and may be secured for ten cents from the Council for Social Action, 287 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The third is a beautifully illustrated booklet, written by Dr. E. D. Gaylord, *Across the Border*. It deals specifically with our Congregational and Christian work in Mexico. The price is ten cents. It is published by the American Board, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Recent Publications

American Missionary Association

The American Missionary Association and the Churches of the Midwest before 1861, by George L. Cady. 12 pp.

Commission on Evangelism

Appreciating the Church. Dr. Jay T. Stocking gives in brief form the need of men for worship and fellowship in Christian living. 8 pp. 1 cent.

Church Membership. The rights and duties of membership. Our national and state organizations in brief outline. 8 pp. 1 cent each.

The Fellowship of Prayer, by Dr. Raymond C. Brooks. For the 1936 Lenten Season. The theme is "Building a Christian World." 2 cents.

The Hand Book for 1936. Concise information concerning the statistics and work of the churches, with information regarding our National and State agencies. 64 pp. $3.00 per 100.

Life and Religion, by Jay T. Stocking. A daily devotional for three months. 72 pp. 5 cents.

Some Questions Answered on Why Join the Church. 8 pp. 1 cent each.

What It Means To Be a Member of the Congregational Church, by L. Wendell Fifield. 12 pp. 1 cent each.

Extension Boards and American Missionary Association

Doors to Health. A Medical Ministry for America. Joint leaflet. Eight large pages of pictures and descriptions.

Personals

Ida Mary Ingle sailed early in January for Saloniki, Greece, where she will teach for three years in Anatolia College. She is a niece of Field Secretary Emeritus Fred Grey, who has spent forty years of service for the Congregational churches, fourteen of them for the Education Society in the Pacific Northwest. Miss Ingle was born in London, received part of her education there, part in Italy, where her father, now retired, had been in business since the war, and received her B.A. from Pacific University in Oregon. President Ernest Riggs of Anatolia College changed his sailing date from December 28 (announced in our January issue) to January 2.

William Roscoe Kedzie, until recently Secretary of Educational Institutions of the Education Society, is now living at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, where he is reported to be keeping his eye upon some sixty acres of peach orchard.

Gertrude H. Merrill, R.N., who arrived on furlough December 17, has her headquarters at 4701 22nd Street, No., Cherrydale, Virginia. Miss Merrill, a Maine girl, was graduated from Bates College in 1915, from Roosevelt Hospital, New York, in 1921, and went to East Africa the following year. She received full appointment by the American Board in 1929.

Agnes A. Wood, who arrived January 15 on furlough, also was appointed by the American Board in 1929. She has been head of the industrial department of Inanda Seminary in South Africa. Her headquarters will be at her home in Traer, Iowa. She has the degree of Bachelor of Science from Iowa State College, taught in this country several years, has done Farm Bureau Extension work, and was research assistant in chemistry in a Chicago hospital for three years before her appointment.

Mrs. Cyril H. Haas soon after her arrival in Adana was invited to teach English literature in the Turkish Lycee for Girls and has accepted.

Miss Oline Nicholson, who returns to India in May would very much like to take with her a console victrola to help her in her educational work among the little "Crims" in the Settlement at Sholapur. Could a HERALD reader supply one? Please write to Harvey L. Meeken, Agent, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Edwin C. Silsby

Another link between Talladega College and the past was severed with the death of Mrs. Edwin C. Silsby in Washington, D. C., on December 31.

Miss Nettie Brewster was born of Pilgrim ancestry in Madison, Ohio. She received her education in what is now Lake Erie College at Painesville, Ohio, and then went as a teacher of music to the school which the American Missionary Association was conducting at that time at Selma, Alabama. There she met Edwin Chalmers Silsby, who was first her principal and later her husband, the marriage taking place at her old home in Ohio.

After ten years in Selma the Silsbys moved to Talladega. Mr. Silsby began his service as treasurer and legal representative of the college, but during eleven of his thirty-seven years on its staff he also taught. Through all these years the Silsby home was a center of welcome for both teachers and students. Many a struggling boy and girl were helped by them to secure an education. Even after Mr. Silsby was supposed to have "retired" he and his wife continued active in

the life of the college and community.

Following the death of Dr. Silsby in 1922, Mrs. Silsby was granted a pension by The American Missionary Association and went to Washington, D.C., to live with her unmarried daughter, who is employed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. On November 12, 1927, she returned to Talladega to attend the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the college and the dedication of the Silsby Science Hall, a modern laboratory building named in honor of her husband. Her daughter, Miss Silsby, unveiled a tablet commemorating his services to the college at this time.

Few names are held in higher esteem among the alumni of Talladega than Silsby.

Kenyon Leech Butterfield

Vice-President of the American Board 1925–1929, had been from 1928 to the time of his death, December 3, 1935, Counselor on Rural Work in the International Missionary Council.

Born June 11, 1868, in Lapeer, Mich., he was graduated in 1901 from Michigan State College, received his Master's degree a year later from the University of Michigan, and his LL.D. degree from Amherst College in 1910 and in 1921 from the Rhode Island State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, of which he had been president for three years. He was also president and head of the Division of Rural and Social Science of the Massachusetts Agricultural College 1906–1924, and president of Michigan State College 1924–1928.

He published *Report on Rural Conditions and Sociological Problems in South Africa, The Christian Mission in Rural India, The Rural Mission of the Church in Eastern Asia,* and *The Christian Enterprise among Rural People,* besides writing parts of a number of other books.

At the Annual Meeting in December of the Christian Rural Fellowship a tribute prepared by Henry Israel, Rural Secretary of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A. was presented from which the following passages are quoted:—

"Rural folk everywhere found in him a prophet and teacher who gave to them a new measure of values. He elevated the tiller of the soil to the primacy of a yeoman. The country church under his transforming influence is slowly but surely finding its place anew as a light set upon a hill.

"President Theodore Roosevelt appointed him to a place on his Country Life Commission in 1908. In 1913 President Woodrow Wilson conscripted him for the American Commission to Study Rural Credits and Agricultural Coöperation in Europe. Again he found his way across the sea, 1918, to a war-beleaguered France as a member of the Army Educational Commission to serve the American Expeditionary Forces.

"His Christian missionary journeys carried him to China as a member of the Burton Commission on Christian Education in China, 1921–1922. Early in 1929 he left for South Africa and visited twenty mission institutions and stations, delivered fifty lectures and addresses and engaged a half dozen mission groups in conference. Before the close of that year he and Mrs. Butterfield were trailing village life and missionary homes in India and Burma.

"The Rural Mission of the Church in Eastern Asia conscripted him in travel from October, 1930, to August, 1931, over China, Japan, Korea and the Philippine Islands.

"Kenyon L. Butterfield had a sense of vision. He had a sense of the universe which gave him his philosophy of the unities of the individual and the unities of his environment. He had a sense of fellowship in which he freely shared his finest thinking as well as the depths of his great soul. He cared. He was concerned. He had a dominating purpose which found its well-springs in a divine will and to which he gave himself with self-sacrificing obedience.

"He was the embodiment of a Christian philosophy of life which made him a peer second to none in this world-wide fellowship of the followers of Jesus. Kenyon L. Butterfield's unswerving loyalty to Him is his legacy to us who cannot fail to follow in his train."

Luella Miner, Litt.D.

A notable educator, author, poet, a potent personal influence in the Christian development of North China, went to her rest in Tsinan, December 2, after a short sharp illness. And the part her Chinese friends took in the farewell ceremonies showed the depth of their grief, their sense of the honor due her for what she was and for what she had accomplished.

One of her *Two Heroes of Cathay,* Dr. H. H. Kung, insisted on paying all the last expenses; the other, Mr. Fei Ch'i Hao, came on from Peiping and in all arrangements took the part of the son in Chinese custom, standing reverently at the foot of her coffin the while friends came to pay their last respects, before it was borne on the shoulders of students in Cheeloo Theological School from Kumler Chapel through an evergreen archway at the great gate of the university.

All classes were suspended; Rev. Lyman Cady of the School conducted the usual religious exercises with which was combined the Chinese type of memorial service, short addresses giving her history and her contributions in scholarship, leadership, friendship to the life of the people and to mission institutions. These genuine testimonies showed her untiring and prodigious industry, her self-denial, her generosity and quickness to do for others, her uncanny wisdom and judgment in matters affecting Chinese politics and mission policies, and above all, the serenity and power of her Christian living.

In the *Peking and Tientsin Times* of December 4 Rev. Earle Ballou gave the facts of Dr. Miner's career.

Graduate of Oberlin College (which later conferred on her the Doctor of Letters degree), teacher for three years in Negro schools under the American Missionary Association, she went to China in

1887. "During the nineties she was a teacher of men in the North China College," says Rev. Howard Galt, a former colleague. "Her special field was geology, and a textbook in Chinese on this subject was one of her earlier publications. During the reconstruction period after the Boxer disturbances she turned to the education of girls and developed special fields of study for new vocations then opening up for women. She was also interested in a wholesome evangelism. Perhaps her outstanding characteristic was her versatility—the unusual ability with which she executed such a wide range of tasks."

For ten years she was Principal of Bridgman Academy, then gave all her time to the daughter of that school, the North China Union Woman's College, which, as a matter of fact, she had founded in 1905 before the larger union was agreed upon by Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist (London Missionary Society and American Board) missions. She continued as its President until 1920, when it was merged with Peking University and the North China Union College to become the present Yenching University.

With this integration of Christian higher educational work in North China which she had striven for, Dr. Miner felt that her principal contribution to education had been made, and she resigned as Dean of the Women's College in 1922. The Administration Building on its new site outside the city is appropriately named Miner Hall.

"During all those years when the college was under her able administration," says her successor as Dean of the Women's College, Mrs. Alice Browne Frame, "it was small enough so that she could have intimate contact with individual students, and from that strong moulding influence have come some great leaders. With all their affectionate admiration of her unusual scholarship, which enabled her to teach and teach well, mathematics or geology, psychology or Bible, and of her capacity to bring things to pass, her simple, serene dignity always made the girls feel something of that Confucian awe of the teacher by the pupil which was traditional in old China. Their grateful love was a love that looked up: she remained their leader. And to her colleagues she was no less a great leader. She stood out, head and shoulders, above all others, in her broad scholarship, in her spiritual life, and in her close touch with the trends of Chinese thought, with its cultural and political currents."

The year after leaving Yenching she joined the staff of Cheeloo, and Rev. Charles A. Stanley, now on furlough, Dean, and for several years Principal, of the School of Theology, writes of the very personal reaction of Mrs. Stanley and himself to the news of her death, "because for the past six years she had lived with us under our roof, member of our family group, building herself firmly in as part of our small circle. In Cheeloo University [Shantung Christian University], first as Dean of Women, and in the Cheeloo School of Theology, she created for herself a unique position. Her broad experience and wide interests marked her for leadership in every forward-looking plan for these schools. Her judgments were sane, her criticisms were almost invariably sound, and her sympathies deep and sincere. She was not sparing of herself and was continually expanding her teaching material. A rare and saving sense of humor was hers. Her deep religious experience lost nothing of its practical content though controlled by a strong vein of mysticism. Her greatest monument is the group of Chinese women who have gone out from beneath her firm touch and kindly interest to make the contribution which they alone can make to the life of their people."

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George A. Wilder

One of the founders of what is now the East Africa Mission, and a missionary of forty-five years of service, died December 28, 1934, in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. E. Lyman.

Son of Rev. and Mrs. Hyman Wilder, for forty years missionaries in Natal, Africa, he was born at Adams in 1855. He learned to understand and love the people and the land of his birth in the days of his childhood, and his chief thought during the ten years spent in America when he attended Phillips Academy and graduated from Williams College and from the Theological Institute, East Windsor, Connecticut, was that he was in this country to secure a training to prepare him for mission work in Africa. One of the happiest moments of his life was near the end of 1880 when he landed in Natal. It is not strange that he won the love and confidence of the Zulus.

In 1893, with Dr. William Thompson, Rev. Fred Bunker, Rev. Francis Bates, their wives, and Nancy Jones, a Negro, he and his wife journeyed from the Zulu Mission to Mount Silinda and there formally organized the new mission on a concession from Cecil Rhodes of several thousand acres at a nominal rent. It was a great joy to him to have so large a share in this project and no one met more bravely and unselfishly the hardships of pioneer life.

Interested in every department of mission work, very intense, doing with his whole soul everything he undertook, he was very enthusiastic about introducing industrial training among the Africans and also tried to teach them better ways of carrying on agricultural work. The Gazaland Farmers' Association (white) elected him a life member in 1920 in grateful recognition of his valuable services along the agricultural line.

"An exceptionally able missionary," writes his co-founder, Rev. Fred R. Bunker. "He understood the Africans. He understood the colonists, English and Dutch, for he grew up among them, and this too was a great asset to the Mission. He always had a forward-looking, a statesmanlike view and attitude towards missions in Africa."

In 1925 he and his wife retired and made their home in New Jersey, where, four years later, Mrs. Wilder (Alice Scamon) died.

Dr. Wilder composed songs in Ndau during the last few years. And in *The White African*, printed in 1933, he gives the story of his personal life. The title is a translation of the name by which he was known among the Africans who had known him and thought of him as one of themselves.

President Emeritus Charles F. Thwing writes of "the heroism of

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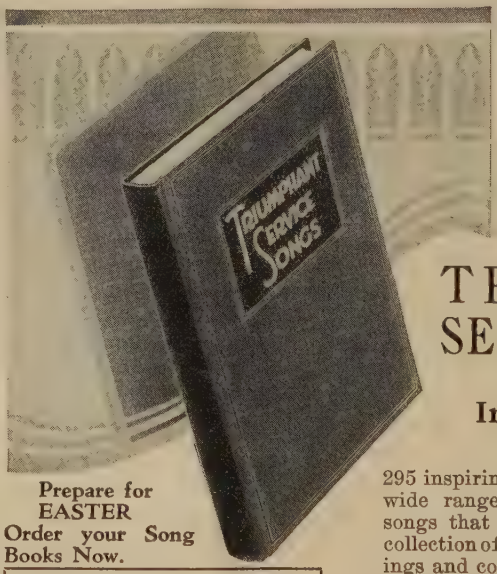

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The Chronicle

Furloughs Authorized

December 10. Rev. and Mrs. James F. Edwards of the Marathi Mission, beginning in the spring of 1936.

December 10. Miss Minnie B. Mills of the Near East Mission, a six months' furlough beginning in February, 1936.

December 10. Miss Hazel F. Bailey of the North China Mission, a six months' leave of absence, beginning in February, 1936.

* * *

Sailed for the Field

December 12. From New York, Mrs. Richard B. Hack, returning to the East Africa Mission.

December 27. From San Francisco, Miss Eunice T. Thomas, returning to the Foochow Mission; Mr. Arthur G. Robinson, returning to the North China Mission.

January 1. From New York, Dr. and Mrs. William T. Lawrence, returning to the East Africa Mission.

* * *

Arrivals on the Field

October 2. At Sachikela, West Africa, Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hollenbeck, returning to the West Central Africa Mission.

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October 8. At Madura, South India, Miss Abbe J. Wallace, returning to the Madura Mission.

November 23. At Adana, Turkey, Mrs. Cyril H. Haas, returning to the Near East Mission.

* * *

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

December 17. In New York, Miss Gertrude H. Merrill of Mt. Silinda, East Africa.

* * *

BIRTH

January 1. At Istanbul, Turkey, a daughter, to Rev. and Mrs. Alford Carleton of Tarsus, Near East Mission.

* * *

MARRIAGE

December 30. At Jaffna, Ceylon, Miss Winifred S. Morton of Uduvil, Ceylon, and Rev. Robert W. Stopford of Trinity College, Kanday, Ceylon.

* * *

DEATHS

December 28. At Glen Ridge, New Jersey, Rev. George A. Wilder, D.D., missionary in South and East Africa, 1880–1925.

December 31. At Washington, D. C., Mrs. E. C. (Nettie Brewster) Silsby, widow of Dr. Edwin Silsby, who spent forty-seven years in the service of the American Missionary Association.

January 9. At Taiku, North China, Rev. Paul L. Corbin, member of the North China Mission 1904–1932.

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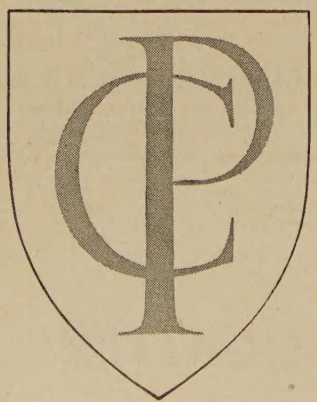

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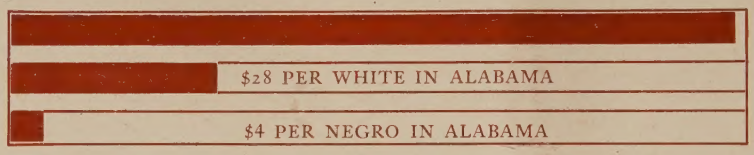

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